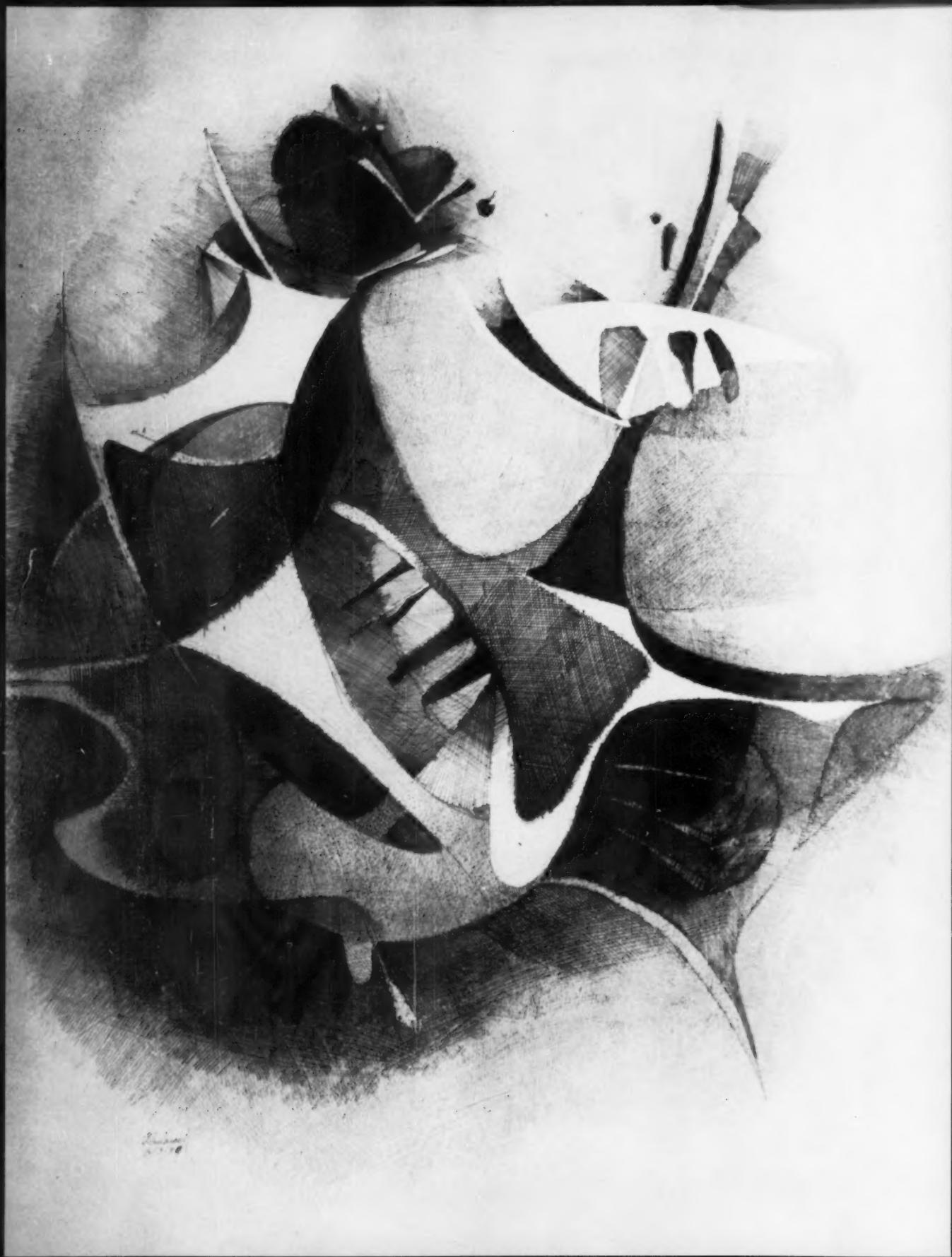


Américas

JUNE 1959



MADE IN BRAZIL (see page 3)



Américas

Volume 11, Number 6, June 1959

published in English, Spanish, and Portuguese

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MEMO FROM THE EDITORS

With the OAS growing ever more active in the economic field, which its member countries, like so many others, are particularly concerned with at the present time, we try to keep you informed of major developments. To supplement the feature articles we have published and expect to carry on individual programs, this month we are inaugurating a section of briefer news and background notes under the general title "The OAS in Action."

Several important events—economic and other—affecting the Organization are unfolding as we go to press. While the daily papers can offer quicker spot news about such happenings, we plan to furnish the details and the necessary background information.

The rapid action of the OAS Council in heeding Panama's request for help, under the Rio Treaty (Inter-American Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance), against a party of invaders bent on overthrowing the Government, provoked not only interest but applause in the Hemisphere press. Panamanian Ambassador Ricardo M. Arias presented the complaint to the Council's Acting Chairman, Ambassador Julio A. Lacarte of Uruguay, on April 27, and explained the circumstances to the Council at a special meeting called that same day. The next day the Council unanimously agreed to convoke the Organ of Consultation as provided by the Treaty, to act provisionally in that capacity, and to authorize the Chairman to appoint an Investigating Committee to study the facts of the case. The Committee, headed by OAS Ambassador Fernando Lobo of Brazil, arrived in Panama City at five o'clock on the morning of the twenty-ninth. In the next few days this group played a leading role in arranging the surrender of the invading party and a peaceful solution of the problem. However, it is still too soon for us to discuss the principles involved, since at this writing the Council has not yet received the Investigating Committee's written report.

We must also wait until next month for an article on the Buenos Aires Meeting of the "Committee of Twenty-one," which is just now winding up. Its resolutions and plans for inter-American economic cooperation will go to the Council for consideration, looking toward the Eleventh Inter-American Conference to be held in Quito next year. They give special emphasis to country-studies of the practical problems and progress of economic development, to be made on request by the Inter-American Economic and Social Council secretariat. These would cover a nation's rate of development, economic structure, fiscal and monetary policy, private savings and investment, technological development and manpower, balance of payments and trade policy, and priorities. Another resolution would call for Meetings of Consultation of the Foreign Ministers when economic crises threaten the social peace and welfare of a country and require joint action.

Also in a future issue, we plan to cover another forthcoming event in an entirely different field. Starting on May 21, the National Symphony Orchestra of Washington will perform sixty concerts in the seventeen countries of South and Central America, plus Mexico, Trinidad, and Aruba. The twelve-week tour will include the first performances by a U.S. orchestra at a Latin American music festival—the Ninth Cartagena Festival in Colombia.

THE OAS

IN ACTION

THE HEMISPHERE STARTS A BANK

After three months of hard work and negotiation at the Pan American Union, the specialized committee entrusted with the task completed the Agreement Establishing the Inter-American Development Bank, mentioned last month in our "Memo from the Editors." Now representatives of all the OAS member countries have duly signed the committee's final act. By the time this reaches you, some of the countries will probably have taken the first steps toward ratification. The deadline is December 31, and all are eager to get this billion-dollar institution for financing Hemisphere progress organized and in operation. It is something the Latin American nations had been proposing for a long time. A seven-country preparatory committee is already set to meet on September 15.

The new bank is intended to supplement existing international and national lending agencies, not to take business away from them or from private investors. Indeed, promoting investment of public and private capital for development purposes is one of its stated aims, along with making, participating in, or guaranteeing loans that will contribute to the countries' economic growth. It will, of course, concentrate strictly on the Western Hemisphere, and it will work with the member countries to orient development policies toward the best use of resources, consistent with the aims of making their economies more complementary and of fostering orderly growth of trade.

RESOURCES

The initial billion dollars allotted for the Bank's resources represent \$850,000,000 of authorized capital stock plus a \$150,000,000 Fund for Special Operations. Of the eighty-five thousand \$10,000 stock shares, \$400,000,000 worth must be paid in, while the remaining \$450,000,000 shall be callable only to meet Bank obligations created by borrowing or by guarantees made in ordinary operations. Provision is made for increasing the capital later.

Attempting to make the quotas as representative and equitable as possible, the drafters of the Agreement figured the Latin American contributions in proportion to the maximum participation offered to the countries by the International Monetary Fund in its new schedules. Of the authorized stock (including both paid-in and callable shares) the United States was assigned \$350,000,000 or 41 per cent; Argentina and Brazil, \$103,140,000 each; Mexico, \$66,300,000; Venezuela, \$55,260,000;

Cuba, \$36,840,000; Chile, \$28,320,000; Colombia, \$28,300,000; Peru, \$13,820,000; Uruguay, \$11,060,000; Bolivia, \$8,280,000; the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, and Guatemala, \$5,520,000 each; and Costa Rica, El Salvador, Haiti, Honduras, Nicaragua, Panama, and Paraguay, \$4,140,000 each. To the Fund for Special Operations, on the other hand, the United States will give \$100,000,000, or two thirds. The other \$50,000,000 will be contributed by the Latin American countries, in the amount of 10 per cent of their respective stock quotas. That makes the United States responsible for 45 per cent of the total initial funds.

For the paid-in stock, payment will be staggered in three annual installments, in line with the probable rate of utilization of the funds and the benefits expected from the loans made. Twenty per cent of each country's quota will be due the first year, and 40 per cent in each of the next two. Half of each payment must be in gold and/or dollars, and the other half in the member's own currency. The separate quotas for the Fund for Special Operations are payable in two installments.

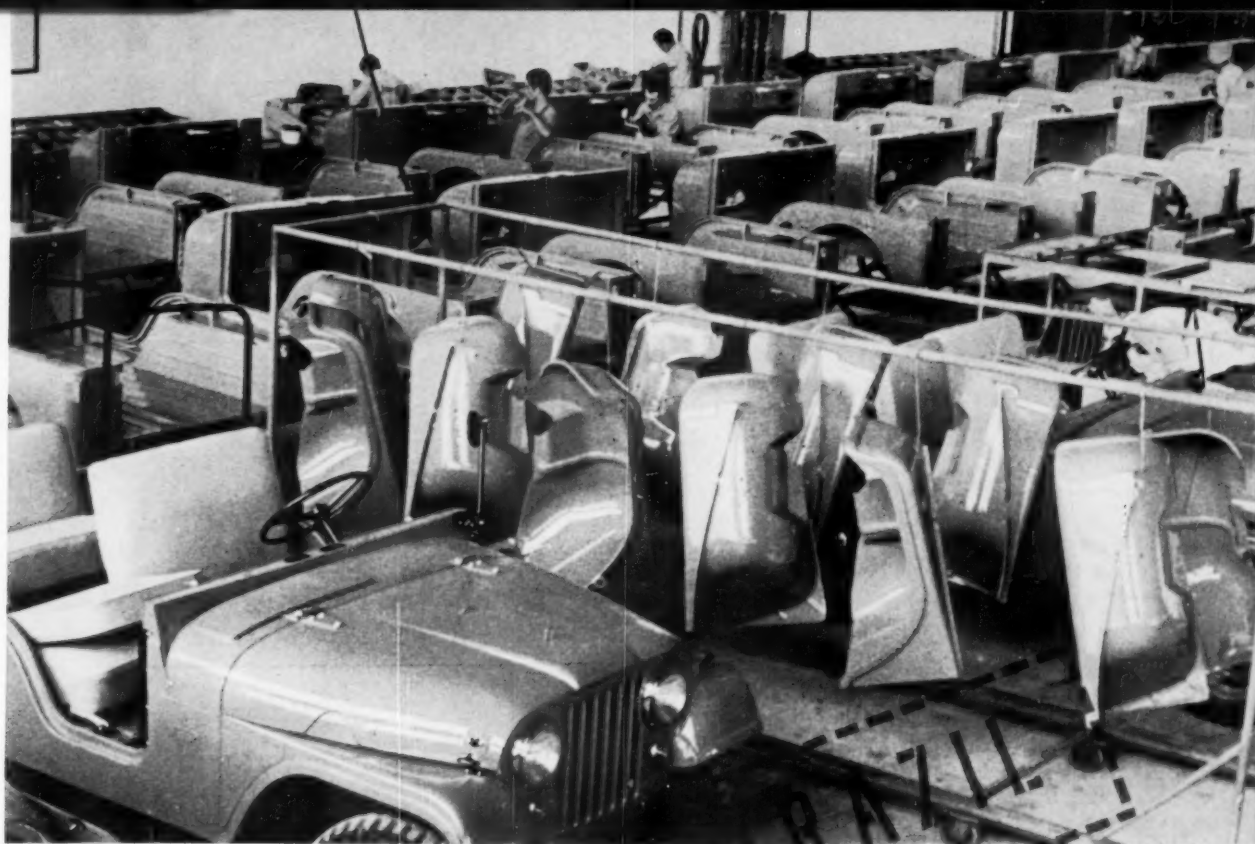
ORDINARY LOANS

The Bank will administer the Fund too, but special operations will be kept strictly separate from ordinary ones, in execution and in accounting. Ordinary operations, financed from the ordinary capital resources—authorized capital, funds borrowed for ordinary use, money received in repayment of ordinary loans, or income from ordinary loans or guarantees—will be on a strict banking basis. They will involve only loans made, participated in, or guaranteed by the Bank that are repayable in the currency or currencies in which they were made. Direct loans may be in the currencies of member states other than the borrower's, to meet the foreign-exchange costs of a project. Or they may go to defray local costs. In that case, they will be in the borrower's own currency, except in special circumstances when the project indirectly gives rise to an increase in demand for foreign exchange.

Bank loans will be primarily for specific projects, backed up by a detailed proposal and a written report on it by the Bank staff. The borrower's ability to obtain the needed funds on reasonable terms from private sources and the prospects that he will be able to meet the obligations involved will be carefully weighed. In addition to these specific-project loans, the Bank may make or guarantee over-all loans to members' development agencies, so that they can finance specific development projects that are not large enough to warrant direct supervision by the Bank.

The Bank's lending power is not limited to making loans to member governments or their agencies and political subdivisions. It may also

(continued on page 32)



Local investors hold majority interest in Willys-Overland do Brasil, now producing jeeps and station wagons, soon to turn out passenger cars

MADE IN BRAZIL

the growing automobile industry

MOREL M. REIS

FEW BRAZILIANS know it, but their country is in the midst of an industrial revolution. And all because of the automobile. Behind the backs—so to speak—of congressmen, businessmen, professional men, and others whom you would expect to be well informed, Brazil is responding to the car shortage by producing its own. It may seem presumptuous to make so much of it, for after all the industry has barely got started. Even in São Paulo, where nearly all the factories are, the impact is just beginning to be felt. But this is an industry that will mobilize many other forces, and the old Brazil of coffee, cocoa, tobacco, Paraná pine, cotton, and mineral ores will have to give way to them.

Centered around São Paulo there were already scores of plants making parts and accessories, which had mushroomed during the war. But these are mere workshops

compared to the vast modern plants that are going up today. Even before every wall is in place and the roof firmly nailed down, vehicles are rolling off the assembly lines. Older ones are expanding without breaking for a moment their production rhythm. If you stay away a month, you will not recognize the factory when next you visit it.

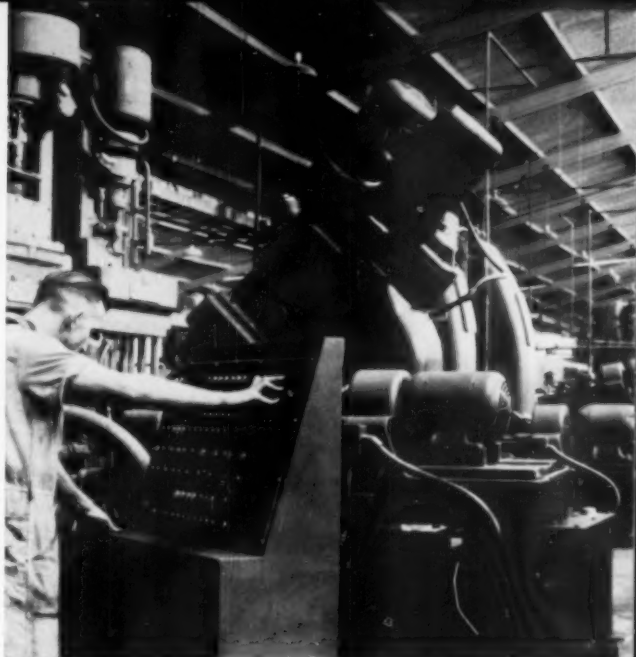
The point is that there is only so much that even the handiest mechanic can do to prolong the life of an old creak—and countries suffering from foreign-exchange troubles that curtailed the import of cars developed some ingenious ones. Brazil, which was among the most severely affected, imported (legally) only 50,100 vehicles in 1952, 8,190 in 1953, 27,290 in 1954, 11,710 in 1955, and 21,771 in 1956. Obviously, these were not enough; besides an amazing number of museum pieces held together with string and hope, we had contraband. And staggering price rises: an ordinary Ford costs over a

MOREL M. REIS is industrial editor of the São Paulo daily *Folha da Manhã*, industrial-education specialist for the São Paulo State Government, and a normal-school teacher.

million cruzeiros, or nearly eight thousand dollars at the free rate. But 1956, the last year for which I quoted import figures, was also the year when official plans for a domestic automobile industry went into effect. If Government expectations are realized, and in all probability they will be exceeded, Brazil will produce 110,000 vehicles this year, 170,000 next, and 200,000 in 1961.

I had better begin by making it clear that these vehicles are not to be merely assembled but *manufactured* in Brazil. Under the same law that offers various tax and other incentives, at the end of this month they must be, by weight, from 75 to 85 per cent Brazilian-made, depending on their type; last year the figure was 50 to 80 per cent, and on July 1, 1960, it rises to 90 to 95 per cent. This is what makes possible the estimate that by the end of 1960 the total production will have saved some \$56,000,000 in foreign exchange, and also the prospect for as-yet-unpredictable alterations in the make-up of our economy.

Except for the nine-year-old Fábrica Nacional de Motores, in Rio de Janeiro State, which makes heavy trucks under license from Alfa-Romeo of Italy, the Government is not going into business itself; its role has been to coordinate and channel and encourage, in such a way that the industry will develop in an integrated fashion. Soon after President Juscelino Kubitschek was inaugurated, he established the Executive Group for the Automobile Industry (GEIA, from its initials in Portuguese), a joint public-private board. Its program, set forth in the same decree, was based on a series of studies carried out over a three-year period—beginning in 1952, when Brazil first ran out of its wartime reserves of foreign currency—by a number of industrial leaders, one of whom, Lucio Meira, was appointed Minister of Transportation and Public Works. These studies had provided all the necessary information; what was needed was a decisive action somewhere that would set the thing in motion. And then that too came along: in December 1955 the country's first plant for the manufacture of internal-



Willys-Overland's plant near São Paulo is only one in full production of gasoline engines so far

combustion engines (diesel, in this case) was opened, under a contract between Sofunge, a local firm formerly specializing in railroad equipment, and Mercedes-Benz. Particularly striking was the fact that Mercedes-Benz had boldly plunged into this enterprise on its own, without official support, attracted solely by the possibilities it saw. Such confidence was contagious.

The program that the GEIA is responsible for carrying out grants fiscal concessions and special rates of exchange in strict order of priority. Trucks, jeeps, and buses are especially privileged, passenger cars much less so. Provision is made for the importation of equipment free of duty, and the Government undertakes to insure an adequate supply of raw materials. In exchange, the manufacturers must abide by the timetable for "nationaliza-

General Motors factory under construction in São José dos Campos will be the company's most modern anywhere



tion," as it is called. After 1961, the current restrictions on automobile imports will be rescinded and the official favors will cease—with one large exception, a tariff that now runs up to 150 per cent ad valorem.

Because of their head start, the Germans are of course far out in front. The local Mercedes-Benz, in which a majority of the capital is held by Brazilians, has fifteen thousand trucks already on the road. At present it is turning out nearly fifteen hundred units a month including trucks of various sizes and inter-urban buses. Of the forty-seven hundred employees, only forty-four are engineers and technicians sent over from Germany.

Mercedes was soon followed into the field by VEMAC, a São Paulo enterprise previously engaged in the distribution of U.S. and European makes, which formed an agreement with Auto Union of Germany to manufacture D.K.W. station wagons, pick-up trucks, and passenger cars. With only small participation from German capital, the company began operations in November 1956. Except for the little two-seater Isetta, also German, the D.K.W. is the only passenger car currently in production. The Isetta, incidentally, is manufactured in the town of Santa

Rio. General Motors is setting up headquarters for the manufacture of Chevrolet trucks and motors, with a scheduled production of fifty thousand a year. This plant has been announced as the most modern ever installed by General Motors. Actually, GM is an old Brazil hand, having established an assembly and parts-manufacturing plant in São Caetano over thirty years ago.

Alongside the two giants is Willys-Overland do Brasil, in which a majority interest is held by more than twelve thousand local investors and the rest by Kaiser Industries. For the time being, this is the only firm with a fully operating plant for the manufacture of gasoline engines—a hundred six-cylinder, 90-horsepower units per day. Willys produces about twelve hundred jeeps and station wagons a month and has plans for a passenger car that will go on the market toward the end of this year. A modernized version of the Aero Willys, which antedated the present U.S. "small car" fashion and went off the market there several years ago, it will be called "Brasília" in salute to the country's new capital. Next year Willys will also start production on the rear-engined Renault Dauphine.



Vehicles are 75 to 85 per cent Brazilian by weight, including the engines, as required by law; percentage goes up next year

Barbara do Oeste by Romi, another Brazilian-owned firm, under license from B.M.W.

Volkswagen, on the other hand, is financed by the parent German company. It is building a plant that will be able to produce fifteen thousand passenger cars and ten thousand panel trucks a year. The latter are already coming off the assembly line at the rate of thirty a day.

In the U.S. group, we start with Ford, which is now putting the finishing touches to an automated casting shop that can produce fifty thousand 167-horsepower V-8 engines a year on a single shift. This shop, which is just outside the city of São Paulo, will supply engine blocks, engine heads, crankshafts, and other parts to a huge plant also nearing completion. These facilities are far in excess of present need, but the spare capacity will be used as the market grows.

On the outskirts of the town of São José dos Campos—which is on the main rail line between São Paulo and

Finally, there is a miscellaneous group of manufacturers: Simca of France, which will operate in Belo Horizonte; Alfa-Romeo of Italy, undeterred by the existence of the Fábrica Nacional de Motores; Toyota of Japan; Scania-Vabis of Sweden; and Borgward of Germany. Several U.S. companies—International Harvester, Caterpillar, and Westinghouse-Le Tourneau, among them—have plans for manufacturing specialized vehicles of various types.

Not all is rosy, however. There is, for example, a certain amount of hostility to the industry from agricultural sectors—but then farmers have always opposed industrialization. This is disappearing, moreover, as jeeps and trucks reach the rural areas and as it becomes apparent that within a few years Brazilian farming can be mechanized by means of locally made tractors, harvesters, and cultivators. And fears that the countryside may be depopulated can hardly be substantiated in a

nation that numbers its farm workers in the millions and its automobile workers in the tens of thousands—forty at present and no more than another eighty in the next year or so. "With 60 per cent of its people engaged in agriculture, as compared to less than 12 per cent in the United States," writes Genival Rabelo, managing editor of the business weekly *PV*, "Brazil can well afford to bring more people to the cities, where per-capita income is now almost four times as high as in the interior."

More serious are the lack of experience and the shortage of some raw materials. The former the industry is trying to remedy by importing the skills and techniques of other countries on a scale unprecedented in Brazil and by spending a billion and a half cruzeiros, through 1960, on the training of labor. Skilled automotive workmen now command the highest wages paid anywhere in Brazilian industry and change jobs often, lured by offers



Willys engine assembly line turns out six hundred a day

even better; tool- and die-makers can write their own ticket. For the first time the country is faced with the situation, common in industrialized countries, in which many receive better pay than some doctors, lawyers, or professors. In fact, however, since the average machine operator can be trained in a few weeks, the problem is mainly one of higher-level technicians and administrators. Foreign specialists are being brought in, and hundreds of Brazilians have been sent abroad to study, but in the meantime I know of one who gets seventy-five thousand cruzeiros a month plus an annual bonus equivalent to at least twelve months' salary. This scarcity will solve itself: with such opportunities, young Brazilian men—and a few women—are flocking to engineering, industrial-management, and vocational schools.

As for materials, the existing facilities for the manufacture of sheet steel are clearly inadequate, and even rubber for tires is scant—a twist of irony, considering that at the turn of the century Brazil held virtually a world monopoly on rubber. Two new steel mills are under construction, and a synthetic-rubber plant should



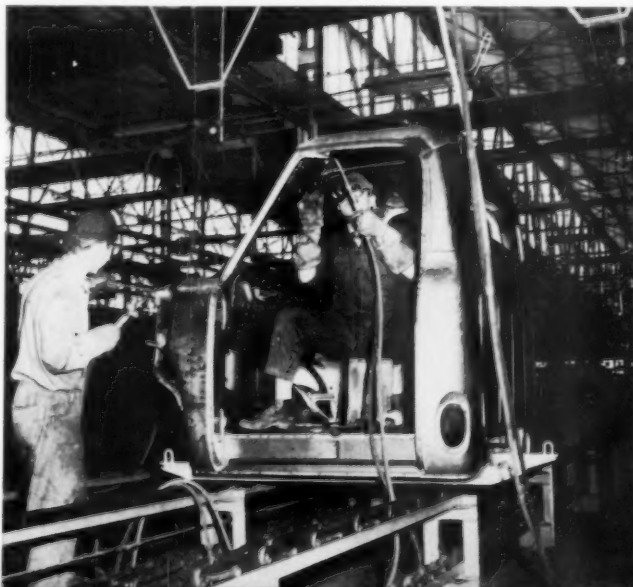
President Kubitschek at the wheel of the first Brazilian-made passenger car to go on sale: German-designed D.K.W.-VEMAG

be in operation by 1961, but until then these goods will have to be imported.

Equally critical is the fuel supply. Actually, the shortage has raised prices to the point where they act as a brake on waste, which was common in the days when petroleum products could be imported with dollars fixed at twenty or thirty cruzeiros. But though domestic production of oil and refining capacity have increased sharply, the known reserves have not. It seems inevitable that the pressure of demand combined with the exchange crisis will force Brazil into more active exploration and perhaps even into changes in its petroleum policy.

Above all, there is the problem of sales financing. The major dealers estimate, on the basis of the present situation, that Brazil has a market for two hundred thousand vehicles annually over the next few years. (In such an inflationary period, it is impossible to guess what effects increased production may have on price, or price on demand.) But this depends on the existence

Working on truck-cabin assembly line at Ford plant. Neither Ford nor General Motors has entered Brazilian passenger-car field



of credit sources, and there are none; the market value of Brazilian automobile production in 1960 will reach fifty billion cruzeiros at least, which amounts to half the currency in circulation.

In the face of these difficulties and of the relatively small market, it is interesting to note that the firms of European origin enjoy a distinct advantage over the two U.S. giants, which think only in terms of mass production. While Ford and General Motors hesitate, procrastinate, and still have no plans for passenger cars, D.K.W.-VEMAG is already making them, Volkswagen is going into production, Mercedes-Benz has licensed its 180 model, and Simca is preparing to put out its Vedette. If the two hold-outs persist in limiting themselves to trucks, the passenger-car market will be almost entirely taken over by the Europeans, especially the Germans. This perhaps means little at the moment, but it may be another story in twenty or thirty years, when Brazil will have a population of one hundred million. We here believe that if all the facts were carefully weighed in Detroit, it would not be long before there were Brazilian-made Fords and Chevrolets. Or at least the same companies' German models, the Taunus and Opel, which would suit our needs very well.

It is still a little early to examine the effects of the new industry on the country as a whole. The main thing is that there are vehicles, though not enough to go round, where there were none before. For a car or station wagon, the waiting list is six months long or more; for a jeep or truck, it is less—only about three months. In São Paulo State, however, other results are already apparent. Transport and public-transit services have improved, thanks to locally made trucks, buses, and jeeps. To carry them, the state is busy paving twelve hundred more miles of road. As automobile workers' wages go up and up in the veritable warfare for their services, so do their living standards. This leads to dissatisfaction on the part of labor in other manufacturing industries, where pay has also increased but not to the same extent. In São Paulo and, to a lesser degree, in Rio and the

other industrial cities, household appliances that were a novelty a few years ago are becoming commonplace—not only radios and floor polishers, as of old, but refrigerators, washing machines, vacuum cleaners, television sets (there are as many in São Paulo as in many U.S. cities), and the biggest concentration of blenders in the world. The demand for electricity rises accordingly. Middle-class housewives lament the vanishing of servants.

Even before their position has been consolidated, the farthest-advanced manufacturers are examining the potentialities of sales in other countries. Tires and automotive parts have been exported for several years now, and a new venture is the sale of jeeps to Chile. What the manufacturers have in mind is to earn more dollars so that they can import more accessories and equipment, so that in turn they can enlarge their volume of production and thus be better able to meet competition on the domestic market. In all likelihood, however, the best possibilities will be in countries equally hard up for dollars. Either way, profound changes will eventually occur in the traditional Brazilian export pattern. In the import pattern too, for in order to sell to our neighbors we must be willing to buy from them. This will be a significant contribution to the inter-Latin-American trade that is intended to bulk so large in Western Hemisphere development.

It comes down to this: first of all, a 1959 Chevrolet costs 2,400,000 cruzeiros in São Paulo these days, whereas you can buy a locally made D.K.W. for 600,000. Second, it is theoretically possible that a U.S. car could sell for 450,000 if it could be imported freely—or, in other words, that the United States can produce cars more economically than we can—except that the matter is academic, because we do not have the foreign exchange to import freely. Third, Ford and General Motors have each invested twenty-four million dollars here, Willys Overland nearly twenty, and Mercedes-Benz three billion cruzeiros, and surely for no other reason than that they expect Brazil to be a profitable market. This argument seems unassailable to me. ♦

German cars have taken lead in national market. Volkswagen Microbuses are especially popular for light commercial deliveries. Unlike most others, Volkswagen operation is not Brazilian-financed





River Plate, swollen by flood waters of the Uruguay and Paraná, pounds beach resort of Olivos, north of Buenos Aires

THE RIVERS RA

GEORGE C. COMPTON

DURING THE FIRST TWO WEEKS of April, torrential autumn rains fell without letup over much of the vast international basin that drains southward into the River Plate estuary. They sent rivers in Uruguay, northern Argentina, southern Brazil, Bolivia, and Paraguay raging over their low banks in the biggest series of floods in recorded South American history. They left a trail of death, destruction, misery, and new economic headaches. Drowning, collapse of buildings, and other flood-connected accidents snuffed out at least 124 lives; thousands were left homeless; and the monetary total of damage to houses, industries, transportation and power facilities, crops, herds, and products intended for local consumption or export is impossible to estimate. Through it all, the governments and people showed speed and effective cooperation in evacuating threatened cities, caring for refugees, and preventing epidemics; they faced the long, hard job of reconstruction with equal determination.

The hardest hit on a national scale was little Uruguay, where more rain fell in five days than in an entire normal year, swelling the crests of rivers already heightened by heavy precipitation upstream beyond its borders.

On April 12 the Uruguay River, which forms the country's western boundary, with Argentina, invaded the city of Salto, while its tributary the Cuareim destroyed

614 working-class houses in Artigas on the Brazilian line in the north. Two days later the crest of the Uruguay reached Paysandú. This, the country's second city in population, industry, and trade, was left, as the situation grew worse, without a single kilowatt of electric power. The wheat stored there for consumption in the region was lost. Meanwhile, Salto stood completely isolated and in desperate need of food and medicine; at Artigas a million pesos' worth of logs in rafts were carried away; in Fray Bentos, still further down the Uruguay, the river marooned the families of workers in the big Anglo packing plant (whose machinery was subsequently destroyed); the water supply was cut off in Tacuarembó, in the north-center of the country; thousands fled rising waters of other streams in Durazno in the center and Treinta y Tres in the east; ninety-three-mile-an-hour gusts of wind hit Montevideo, the capital. Nature's wrath had spread across the whole land, with special fury in the interior.

The Río Negro, which cuts the country virtually in half before emptying into the Uruguay at Mercedes, did the same to its electricity supply. The Rincón del Bonete Dam on that river provides 45 per cent of the power in the interlinked Rincón-Montevideo hydro- and thermal-electric system, which serves the capital and the other coastal cities. In normal times, its reservoir also evens off high or low water conditions in the river, keeping



N WILD

its lower reaches navigable. But its seven-thousand-cubic-meter-per-second capacity was no match for this onslaught of water. It not only filled the reservoir but,

pushed ahead by the wind, began to run over the top of the dam all along. When the construction of this pride of the nation was undertaken in 1939, hydrographic records for the previous hundred years were studied, and they indicated it would never have to withstand a flow of more than nine thousand cubic meters a second, but now it faced fifteen thousand. There was a real danger that the central reinforced-concrete dam would give way or have its base weakened by the pounding of the extra waterfalls.

The generating plant was closed down, with the engineers removing the most delicate instruments and flinging up what protection they could around the fixed equipment. It was decided to blast an outlet in one of the earthen side extensions of the dam to reduce the pressure. This would release part of the flood onto the city of Paso de los Toros, all of whose more than nine thousand inhabitants had to be evacuated to safety elsewhere. Under the direction of Army Chief of Staff General Enrique Magnani, the crucial operation was carried out smoothly. Most of the people were taken out on special trains to Montevideo. Some got off to join friends or relatives at other points en route, and for most of those reaching the capital there was no serious housing problem—"practically everyone in Uruguay has a relative in Montevideo," since so many rural people have gone there to work. Nurses, Red Cross workers, and Boy Scouts were on hand at the station to help them, and Army barracks were ready to receive those who could not find private lodgings. One shocking incident, all too representative of the looting spirit that besets disaster areas everywhere and completely unrepresentative of the Uruguayans' friendly generosity toward their unfortunate compatriots, occurred when a few malefactors, with fake relief-worker armbands, infiltrated the crowd, offered to carry the victims' last remaining

Concepción del Uruguay, on Argentine side, is typical of flood-ravaged cities on both Argentine and Uruguayan banks of Uruguay River



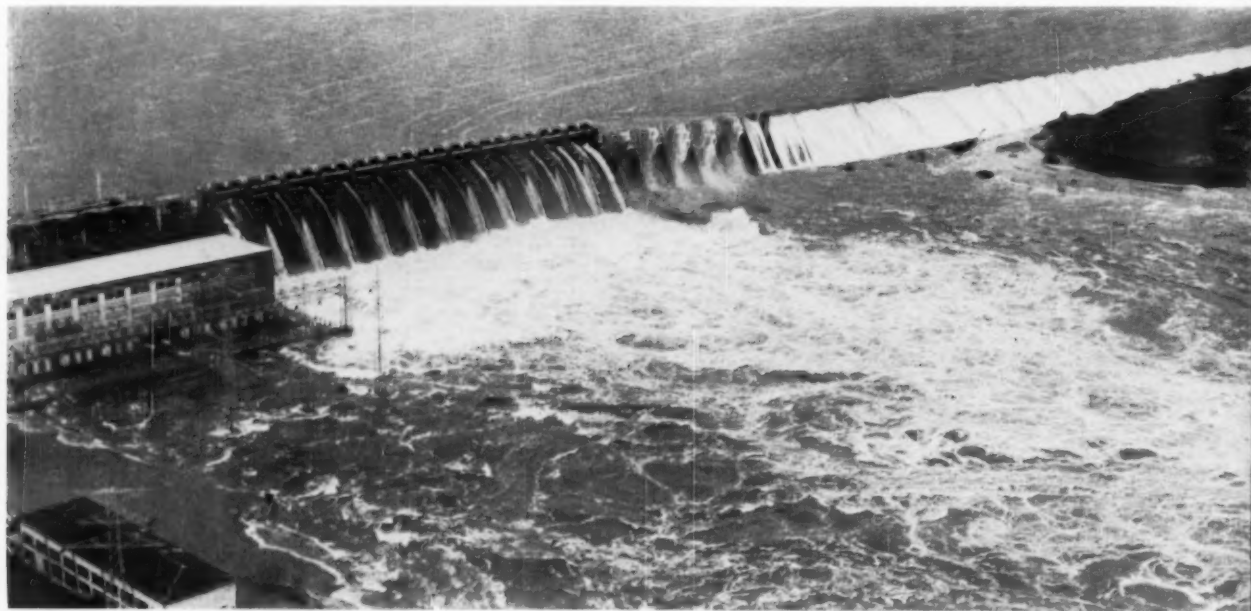
possessions, and quickly disappeared.

Helicopters—two Uruguayan, two Argentine, and two from the U.S. Navy icebreaker *Edisto*, diverted from Buenos Aires for the mercy mission as it returned from the Antarctic—flew food and clothing to refugees gathered at Chamberlain, north of the dam, and rescued the last stranded citizens and the engineering team, when it had to abandon the plant. The ship and its crew endeared themselves to the public by donating everything they could spare, including sixteen hundred gallons of powdered milk and a truckload of medical supplies. The *Edisto's* helicopters evacuated more than two hundred people, along the Río Negro and around Treinta y Tres. Like trees firmly rooted in the soil, some clung to their homes up to the last possible minute, then frantically debated what little things they could take with them. In the whole country, at least forty thousand people had to be evacuated.

On April 19, the National Council of Government—Uruguay's nine-man executive power—in order to conserve the badly reduced supply of electricity, established standard hours for public places: government offices would be open from ten to four; bars and business establishments, including movie theaters, must close at five in the afternoon, restaurants at ten at night; industrial plants must reduce their consumption of electricity to 30 per cent of their normal rate, and the street lighting was cut in half. The same day, the Council sent a message to the General Assembly increasing the amount of treasury bonds outstanding by ten million pesos and requesting a special "Patriotic Loan" of twenty-five million, to meet the immediate needs of the crisis. The loan was quickly approved and bought up by the public.

The sugar-beet crop (which must normally be supplemented by cane-sugar imports) and the rice crop (for home consumption and export) suffered heavily, though things apparently were not so bad as some early reports made them sound. The total area flooded approached 1 per cent of the country's surface, not a third or three quarters as some accounts proclaimed; the rice loss seemed closer to 35 per cent than the first estimate of 75; and livestock losses apparently did not exceed 15 per cent. Wool growers counted on their sheep to multiply back to their original numbers without undue delay (they reach an economically useful stage much quicker than beef or dairy cattle).

But all these losses—and further damage to bridges, roads, and rail lines—meant increased need for imports (sugar, steel, electrical equipment) or lessened exports (wool, meat, grain) and a tighter pinch by an already grave foreign-exchange shortage. Pedro Rivero Rodríguez, an official of the state-owned electricity and telephone system, who had come to Washington to work out the final details of an advance from the U.S. Development Loan Fund for telephone expansion, found his mission suddenly enlarged. While the Rincón del Bonete dam had held despite much higher pressures than it was designed for, and it was hoped at first that the power plant there would resume operations within two months, later inspection showed that the generators had been ruined and restoration of service would require six to ten months. The possibility of using floating generators temporarily, once the river quieted down, was being studied, for Montevideo, although no city of the night like Paris, is a gay place. Its inhabitants were beginning to chafe at restrictions that, coming just as the Southern Hemisphere winter shortened the hours of daylight.



Río Negro reservoir overflows all along Rincón del Bonete dam. Rising water ruined generators supplying nearly half of Uruguay's electricity

threatened to impose an entirely different, and dark, way of life upon them. Still, the country has never before suffered such a major natural catastrophe, and it faced its unprecedented problems with an unprecedented feeling of unity.

Naturally, the cities on the Argentine bank of the Uruguay River were subjected to the same rising waters as those on the Uruguayan side, and with the Paraná River also in flood, the entire water-lined Province of Entre Ríos ("Between Rivers") was sorely tried. So, too, were the many-channeled Delta region, where the Uruguay and Paraná flow together through myriad islands to form the River Plate, and Buenos Aires itself. President Arturo Frondizi took personal charge of rescue operations, assigning the armed forces to the task under a unified command and establishing an airlift to the stricken area.

Concordia, directly across the river from Salto, Uruguay, was one of the most severely damaged. As the flood rushed into the city, about half of its sixty thousand inhabitants were evacuated to higher land and communications with the rest of the country were cut off. School classes were suspended as the classrooms gave shelter to refugees. Martial law was proclaimed to prevent looting, and strict sanitary control was established for the cleanup and return-home operations. Several lumber companies located along the river there lost both their mills and their logs, to the tune of some two hundred million pesos. And the logs, carried along by the flood waters, added to the general destruction, crashing into houses like battering rams. The meat-packing plants at Concordia and at two other river ports in the province were also put out of operation by destruction of their refrigerating equipment, so that some means of transportation was urgently needed to get the area's beef-on-the-hoof to where it could be used. The local fertilizer plant, on higher ground, suffered less damage but lost the output on hand and another month's production.

After another bad flood in 1941, a plan had been drawn up strictly forbidding the construction of housing—whether temporary or permanent—in the low zone around the harbor, where damage had been the worst, but it was never put into effect. The result was that hundreds of houses erected in the path of the last flood were demolished in this one. So the municipality means business about it this time, and is making lots available in a hitherto undeveloped area west of the city. Lessons learned in this deluge may also modify the plans for construction of the Salto Grande Dam, to provide spillways capable of handling heavier flows than previously expected.

Colón and Concepción del Uruguay, upstream and downstream respectively from the Uruguayan city of Paysandú, had their land communications severed and drinking water cut off and several thousand people were evacuated from their homes in each. In Colón the whole population was vaccinated to prevent any spread of typhoid fever.

Around Gualeguaychú, across from Fray Bentos,

southeast winds accentuated the problem, especially for island-dwellers, by preventing the flood waters of the Uruguay and local streams from going on to the River Plate. In this area, islanders had to be evacuated not only because of possible physical destruction but because the contaminated waters posed a serious threat of disease. They were vaccinated against diphtheria and smallpox, as well as typhoid, as they reached emergency shelter in government warehouses. Another unwelcome invasion here was by a mass of snakes, fleeing the rising streams, and snake-bite serum was included among the emergency supplies asked for. In the town of Gualeguay, not far away, frogmen were sought to clear out obstruc-



At Tigre, yachting center in Paraná delta, rescue parties row over submerged roads

tions blocking the water and sewer lines, while tank trucks were used to take water to some five thousand refugees gathered in schools, clubs, and other buildings, and a tractor service was set up to carry patients to an otherwise inaccessible medical clinic. In the same region, thousands of cattle were in danger of drowning or starving.

In the myriad channels of the inter-river Delta region, centered on the small port of Zárate, navy minesweepers, private passenger launches, mail boats, and pleasure craft were mobilized to carry out marooned islanders and bring in clothing, food, and medical supplies. Helicopters joined in the task, but one—which later crashed—only added to the worries of islander Hermán López: he saw twenty-two thousand paper pesos that he had set out to dry in the sun irretrievably blown away by its whirling rotors. Many of his neighbors lost all that they had built up in ten years of human work—for man is the only type of motive force known on the area's farms. Cattle were swept away, except for one or another calf that could be huddled into the upper stories of the more fortunate houses. With them went lumber that represented trees just harvested after a decade of waiting. For many people, another ten years' work would be needed to regain what they had had, but all were eager to get river transportation functioning on a normal basis again



Fastening seat belts aboard one of two U.S. Navy helicopters that joined local and Argentine units in Uruguayan rescue work



In La Boca district of Buenos Aires, Flood chased thousands from their homes in Argentine capital too

and get on with the job. Some even saw a bright side to the deluge, for "the flood rids the fields of pests—ants, guinea pigs, rats, and even deer—and deposits the mud torn off over thousands of miles of its course in a layer that little by little builds up the saddles that are the best lands in the Delta."

As winds held the waters back in the River Plate itself, riverside districts in Buenos Aires, the capital, and its suburbs were under water and the country's main port temporarily closed. Some hundred thousand people moved to higher ground, but conditions soon returned to normal. The Government assigned fifty million pesos for the flood victims nationally.

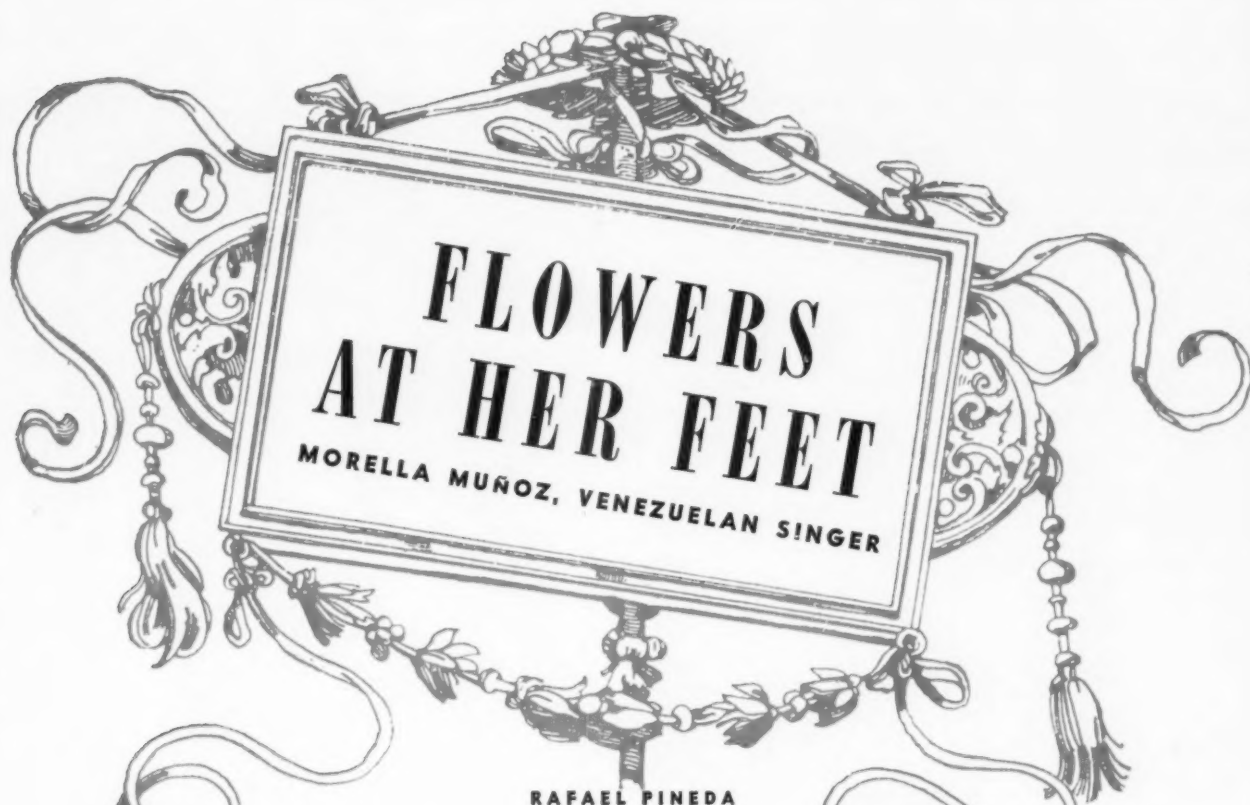
In Brazil's southernmost state, Rio Grande do Sul, other streams in the Uruguay River system, boasting such charming or exotic names as Ibirapuitã, Santa Maria, and Quaraí (the Cuareim, in Spanish), showed that they could be just as vicious as the Uruguayan and Argentine branches. Roads and railroads linking the state capital of Pôrto Alegre with cities in the western part of the state (where the Uruguay River itself forms

the boundary with Argentina) were under water in many places, and new roads under construction were washed out and the workmen stranded. Rosário do Sul was completely isolated, and other hard-pressed cities included Alegrete, Quaraí, and Lavras do Sul. Here again, thousands were left homeless, cattle were drowned, and extensive plantings of rice and wheat ruined. Repair crews sent out to restore the rail and road lines found their work made impossible by renewed downpours. Some of the local citizenry on the edges of the rising waters adopted the expedient of tying their houses to posts and trees in the hope of keeping them in place. Several towns around Pelotas in the southern part of the state were also cut off, while Jaguarão on the border received refugees from Uruguay. In Rio de Janeiro, the flood was reflected in cessation of shipments of beans, rice, dried meat, and lard from Rio Grande do Sul, just when the new harvest should have been stabilizing the food market. The state and federal governments rushed vaccines to the affected area, and the national government granted the state a credit of fifty million cruzeiros to help the stricken towns.

Reports from Pôrto Velho, in the Rondônia territory of western Brazil, indicated that rice and banana crops and cattle were flood-ravaged in the San Joaquín and Magdalena regions of Bolivia also. In Paraguay, flooding was apparently mainly confined to very sparsely inhabited regions.

Amid all this destruction and hardship, the public in each country reacted with timely generosity to provide clothes, foodstuffs, medicine, and shelter for the evacuees. They received help from farther away too. Argentines sent medicine and powdered milk to Uruguay. The U.S. Government contributed field rations and water-purification tablets; clothes and medicine came from the U.S. National Catholic Welfare Conference and acromycin from the American Red Cross. The British Red Cross shipped six hundred pounds of medicine to Uruguay, while its Ecuadorian counterpart gave a thousand dollars for relief in Uruguay and Argentina. The Brazilian Government rushed typhoid vaccine to Argentina, and the Peruvian Government sent eleven thousand pounds of coffee and sugar. The Pope sent five thousand dollars to be used for flood victims through Catholic welfare services in Argentina. At OAS headquarters in Washington, employees of the Pan American Union chipped in two thousand pounds of clothing for distribution in all the stricken countries. Like the other emergency donations, it was carried free of charge by South American and U.S. airlines. In addition, there were many individual contributions from all over. The Pan American Sanitary Bureau gave technical guidance on the public-health problems involved, through its Zone Office in Buenos Aires and project personnel in the region.

But the tasks of restoring telephones, roads, and railroads to service and making houses that were mired and mauled by the waters livable once more are only the beginning. It will take a gigantic, long-term reconstruction effort before the hardest-hit areas can get on with development plans. ♦



RAFAEL PINEDA

MORELLA MUÑOZ, a twenty-four-year-old Venezuelan mezzo-soprano who is well into what promises to be an extraordinary career, is so adored by her fellow countrymen that traffic is sometimes jammed before her concerts, florists' stocks are depleted, and auditoriums rock with applause and cheers. Yet some feel that this adulation threatens her growth as an artist.

For one, Inocente Palacios, president of the José Angel Lamas Institute, which sponsors the Festivals of Latin American Music, thinks she is "in serious danger" and should immediately take a finishing course in Europe, preferably in northern Italy or in Vienna, to round out "her apprenticeship in Venezuela." Even her teacher, Lidia Buttirini de Panaro—who, with all the fervor of the Italian diva that she is, says Morella has "a soul devoted completely to song"—recognizes the need for her to go abroad and study under Lotte Lehmann in France, Franco Capuana in Italy, Elisabeth Schwartzkopf in Germany. Mme. Panaro would also like her to go to Russia, after mastering the traditional European schools. "With a voice like Morella's," she claims, "the Russian repertoire is a goal to strive for." Caroline Lloyd, U.S. composer and concert manager of the Venezuelan-American Center in Caracas, fears that Morella's "natural talent may suffer the effects of the unabated flattery of her compatriots. Everyone is at her feet, and that is a tremendous obstacle to the full development of her career."

RAFAEL PINEDA of Venezuela is a regular AMÉRICAS contributor. He has also written for various periodicals in his native land and is a well-known poet.

At home, however, Morella's phenomenal success is taken as the most natural thing in the world. Her mother, Mercedes Muñoz, attributes it simply to "a family inheritance."

"And what do you mean by that?" Morella's fiancé once asked her.

"I mean," Mrs. Muñoz explained, rather pompously, "that at home we have all been singers and that Morella, for that very reason, has someone to take after."

It obviously matters not a bit to the mother whether or not any of the other Muñozes have been artists in a strict professional sense. She cites as an example her own mother, who "was happier than a cage full of melodious *paraulata* birds, played the typical harp of the plains wonderfully well, and knew all the folk songs by heart, at a time when folk music was not as popular as it is now."

As a girl, Mrs. Muñoz herself attracted the attention of the people who gathered in the Plaza Bolívar every afternoon, when she trilled some of the best-known arias of the academic repertoire along with other students of a teacher named Angeli. "Various circumstances," among them the birth of Morella in 1935, took her away from singing.

From the time she was a small child, Morella was a music box. Almost her first sounds were imitations of bits of *The Marriage of Figaro* that her mother sang as she went about her housework. And when her grandmother had grown too old to enjoy the public ceremonies during Holy Week, she preferred to stay at home and listen to her granddaughter hum the *Popule Meus*, a mysti-

cal poem by the colonial composer José Angel Lamas that is a tradition in Venezuelan churches. If the old woman happened to grow drowsy from fatigue, Morella would touch her on the shoulder and ask, "Did you go to sleep just so you wouldn't have to hear me?"

"No, child," her grandmother would reply. "I closed my eyes because I was thinking about all the lovely things your voice says."

Mozart, Lamas, Rossini, and Verdi notwithstanding, Morella Muñoz protests if anyone, even her own mother, tries to make her out a prodigy. "I was a child like any other, and with my friends in the neighborhood I spent my time eating guavas, killing birds, and hunting lizards."

But once the impish Morella had unburdened a guava tree, plucked a few birds, and caught at least the tail of a lizard, she always grouped the other children into an orchestra—complete with combs, washboards, pots, and pans. They played folk songs and popular ditties from the radio, and invariably ended with Mozart, Morella's forte.

When she was five, her mother faked her age as seven and enrolled her in the Venezuelan Experimental School and in the Academy of Music. Despite the Academy teacher's insistence that the child had "no ear at all for music," Morella used to play truant from the Experimental School to spend most of her time with music. Inevitably, Mrs. Muñoz was eventually asked why her daughter had been missing so many classes.

"And where have you been all this time?" she demanded furiously. When Morella said that she would "rather be a conservatory mouse than a graduate of the Experimental School," Mrs. Muñoz hugged the little girl, then crossed herself and murmured: "Good Heavens! Such a chip from such a block!"

However, mother and daughter were soon disenchanted by the music teacher, who kept on saying that "the child had been born for anything but music." So she returned to the Experimental School. Except for the extracurricular activities (singing, painting, and acting—"I always played the fat woman"), nothing about the school aroused her enthusiasm, and "with neither grief nor glory" she got her sixth-grade diploma.

The Andrés Bello Secondary School was another thing, however, and almost at once she felt it was going to become "the love of my life." And with good reason. There was a glee club, directed by Lorenzo Figallo, that immediately attracted her attention, just as her voice did Figallo's—"but he never told me so." At the end of one year, Figallo, who was also soloist of the Central University glee club under the direction of the composer Antonio Esteves, managed to get a place for her in that group. The roof almost went off the room when Morella sang her first solo, *El Mampulorio*, a folk song from Barlovento in Miranda State.

Today Esteves says of Morella, who is undoubtedly the finest interpreter of his songs, "I have the utmost confidence in her, and I'm sure she will bring fame to Venezuela." But at first he thought she was presumptuous and never tired of saying so—perhaps "because I



Morella Muñoz today. Some say Venezuelans love her too much for the good of her singing career

had been recommended from the Andrés Bello School," Morella adds.

It was about that time that Mme. Panaro came on the scene. Trained by the finest teachers in Italy, her native land, she had made her debut at La Scala in 1940 and continued singing there until 1947, when she accompanied her husband to Venezuela. Only two short months after he had taken an engineering job with the Ministry of Public Works in Caracas, Panaro died. His wife took his body back to his beloved Italy, then returned to Caracas to fulfill a contract to sing Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*, under the direction of Juan Bautista Plaza. Her Venezuelan debut was such an overwhelming success that she was offered a teaching position at the Academy of Music. Later she served as a consultant to the University glee club, where in 1951 she came to know Morella.

At that time, the girl's voice "didn't carry beyond two yards," but Mme. Panaro soon observed in her "an innate feeling for rhythm and uncommonly good ear." When she said she could make a great singer of her, Morella began to tremble. At this, Mme. Panaro warned: "Your first lesson will be to learn to control your nerves, to give audiences the impression that singing is the most natural, effortless thing in the world—even though you're dying of fright!"

And she was an apt pupil, for it was her serenity and aplomb that won her the twenty-seven-hundred-bolivar prize in the Phillips contest on Radio Caracas TV. Though Mme. Panaro had rehearsed her in Schubert's

Ave Maria, Moussorgsky's *Hopack*, and Beethoven's *Ah, Perfido*, Morella herself recognizes that she was really not ready for such competition. She says in all honesty that if her nearest rival had had a little more control, "she would have beaten me unmercifully."

Now everyone praises her self-discipline, but it was not always thus. At one time Mme. Panaro was quite discouraged and wondered if she had made a mistake in trying to impose "a harsh tyranny" on someone who was not made for it. When she wanted Morella to go over her exercises again and again, the girl would complain of a stomach ache or say that she had a sympathy call to make. To which Mme. Panaro would reply, "Well, you just put up with the pains and the mourning! The day will come when you can enjoy the luxury of being temperamental, but not now. Let's get on with the Bach."

As they worked their way through Bach, Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, Brahms, Schubert, Mozart, and others, Mme. Panaro finally subdued what turned out to be nothing more than the rebellious spirit of adolescence. The results were soon apparent. "That is Bach!" exclaimed Vicente Emilio Sojo, director of the Academy of Music. And with no hint of race prejudice, one German asked another, "Did you hear that German Negro girl?" When these remarks reached Mme. Panaro, she only multiplied her demands on Morella.

"From now on," she told her, "your sole life will be singing." But by then such reproaches were unnecessary. At her graduation from the Academy of Music, where she had continued her regular studies, Morella "breezed through" a program of Beethoven, Thomas, and Rossini

arias because she had begun to require more and more of herself. The artist had been born.

After her first public concert, in 1954, Morella Muñoz was treated to the longest and loudest applause she had ever heard. (One lady in the audience saw fit to criticize her ballerina slippers, but Morella thinks that "five feet ten is tall enough, without heels." And Pedro Francisco Alvarez, who has unselfishly insisted that her career come first and that she continue with her studies, saw fit to propose.) The next day, in the shop where Morella had taken a job as a billing clerk to balance the shaky family budget, her supervisor—"who was a real devil"—had left a bunch of carnations on her desk.

She soon had to stop working in order to devote all her time to singing, and has since given what her fiancé



Lidia Buttirini de Panaro, Italian diva who now lives in Venezuela, goes over score with her most promising pupil



Morella's debut in 1954 at Caracas Academy of Music. Her accompanist was José Antonio Ramos

calls "twenty-two tremendous concerts" that have brought her mountains of flowers and, in the words of Inocente Palacios, "menacing glory."

In the last five years, Morella has increased the volume of her voice at least ten times and has achieved a range of two octaves. Mme. Panaro, who disagrees with those who maintain that opera is more difficult than concert work, is still following her original idea of what is best for her pupil. For her part, Morella feels that "the almost monastic atmosphere around the concert singer" satisfies her much more than "the theatrical surroundings of the opera singer." Besides, she has developed her technique without "the artifice of gesticulations," as Mme. Panaro puts it.

"In opera," Morella continues, "when you go on stage, the orchestra, the director, the prompter, the set decorations, the costumes, the lights, everything helps you. To the contrary, the concert singer is alone, with only herself to fall back on, unless, of course, she uses a text in

an unusually long oratorio. Besides, I must admit, Bach stirs me more than Rossini."

Both teacher and pupil believe that the time is coming when the lyric soprano will take over from the mezzo-soprano. "But for now," Morella says, "that's not important. So far I have always sung everything in the original key the composer used. My voice is still developing, and soon its range and color will be definitely established. This, of course, is essential to the assignment of dramatic roles."

Mme. Panaro adds, "Morella's range is broad, flute-like, sweet. On the low notes she lacks resonance and volume, but these will come easily since she has one of the finest ears I know of. If a pianist gives her a wrong note, she immediately becomes annoyed and frowns at him. Morella never misses even an eighth note. That's why I have so much faith in her. She has never been one to sing Scarlatti's *La Violetta* as if they were beheading her father. Morella is more sensitive and precise than a metronome."

Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, and "every single Venezuelan, anonymous or not," are among the composers Morella likes best, and she plays no favorites when planning a concert program. The singers she admires most are Marian Anderson (and when fans call her Miss Anderson's successor, she says, "No inheritance would please me more, but no one could occupy her place in the music world because she's unique"); Elisabeth Schwartzkopf ("Her soprano range is the most complete I know"); Victoria de los Angeles ("Oh, my Lord, that woman sings like her namesakes"); and Dorothy Maynor ("What a voice, what a miraculous voice that fat woman has").

In June 1957, Marcel and Maruja Roche invited a group from the Second Festival of Latin American Music to hear Morella sing. Among the guests were the U.S. composers Aaron Copland and Virgil Thomson and the

New York Times critic Howard Taubman, and they all agreed that she should go to the Berkshire Music Center in Tanglewood. The Creole Foundation underwrote the expenses for the trip, and in the summer of 1958 the members of the Center had—in the words of Serge Koussevitzky's widow—"the pleasure and the joy of hearing her sing."

From the minute she arrived in Tanglewood, Morella "had friends everywhere." Her luggage had been lost in the labyrinth of the Boston railroad station, and for a week she was allowed a free hand in the closets of her U.S. acquaintances. "I don't know what I would have done if it hadn't been for their generosity," she says.

Tanglewood afforded Morella more impressions than experience. Since there was no course for concert singers, she joined a chorus that sang with the Boston Symphony under the direction of Charles Münch. She believes that "the best thing about the Center is the opportunity it offers the foreign visitor to appreciate, in only a few weeks and from a carefully selected program, the musical movement of the United States. Especially what the young artists are doing."

After her return to Caracas, the Venezuelan Symphony Orchestra gave Morella the solo part in De Falla's *El Amor Brujo*, which meant that she would sing under the direction of the Belgian André Vandernoot. While she was preparing for this concert, she recorded twenty-one songs of the Americas—including three U.S. Negro spirituals: *Deep River*, *Were You There?* and *Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen*—on an LP record put out by Ediciones Freddy Reyna; sang what Mme. Panaro calls "the hardest and most important concert of her career," a program devoted entirely to Bach, Beethoven, and Haydn; and gave several radio and television performances.

Last June 13, Morella stood on the stage of the Municipal Theater in Caracas, clasped her hands, and waited calmly for Vandernoot to give her the signal to begin. Half an hour later, the theater was shaking with bravos and applause, and wild stomping from the balcony. Vandernoot commented: "Morella is a made singer. I would like to have the chance to offer a program in which she might do a longer piece. I congratulate her."

Again the mountain of flowers grew at her feet, in such wild profusion that the Chilean composer Juan Casanova Vicuña, who is also his country's ambassador to Venezuela, was frankly scandalized. He remarked, "Morella must leave Venezuela at once, or they'll ruin her." But before that, he added, he would like her to sing his opera *Érase un Rey*, because "the feminine lead is made for her."

However, Casanova Vicuña must wait, for Morella Muñoz will be busy fulfilling the wishes of the professionals who are interested in her career: she has a scholarship from the Ministry of Education to study in Europe. There, she says, she will put her voice to "the classic test that consecrates a singer or plunges him into silence once and for all." Naturally, the adoring Venezuelan audiences are sure of the outcome and will be waiting—with flowers—for her return. ♦



During semifinals of Phillips contest, which Morella won over girl at right, her nearest competitor



"Arty" Villagers are encroaching on formerly all-Italian Macdougall Street

A Uruguayan in Greenwich Village

A. SALSAMENDI

IT MAY BE an innate spirit of adventure, or perhaps a deep interest in human nature as such—I do not know which. In any case, ever since my childhood, I have made a hobby of trying to find out everything I can about at least one group of people in the city in which I happen to live. If there is something about these people that has particular personal appeal for me, then my curiosity is naturally intensified.

You read *ad nauseam* about New York's exhausting pace, about the skyscrapers that outline the horizon like a forest of concrete and steel, about the city's characteristic coldness and lack of hospitality. But what I have not read is that these unfavorable impressions are merely part of an adaptation process. All of us who visit New York for the first time find it difficult to accept the mode of life and thought of its inhabitants. From this feeling of strangeness we pass to one of resignation, and then— It all happened to me, but now that I have been

here for a while the old hostility is no more, and I see the city in a new light. However, in past years, when New York's mad chaos became too much for me, I used to seek refuge in the bohemian section of the city, known as Greenwich Village—an area that is still my favorite. I must confess that I was not necessarily looking for authenticity; I did not really expect it to be a place where great artists struggle for recognition. What the visitor sees is only the false superficial characteristics; what is real about the Village is hardly to be revealed in coffeehouse chatter. But I simply liked "the Village" (as it is commonly referred to) for itself.

To begin with, Greenwich Village has as its focal point a large plaza. Like the good Latin American I am, I feel that a town or village that lacks a plaza (and a fountain) also lacks a spinal column. Well, here in the heart of downtown New York, boldly defying the austere skyscrapers and the noise and bustle of traffic, is a proper plaza: Washington Square. Ancient trees surround the area and generously shade it from New York's unbearable summer sun; a fountain, where children frolic during the hot months, adds the charm of running water;

ASDRÚBAL SALSAMENDI has contributed to many newspapers in his native Uruguay, was at one time editor of the magazine *Cultura*, and served as correspondent of *El Plata*, in London. Since 1957 he has been working in New York City as Liason Officer of UNESCO.

Craftsmen of all kinds flourish in the Village. The jewelry shown in this window is typical of their work



This noble arch, erected in memory of the first U.S. President, dominates Washington Square, the heart of Greenwich Village



Greenwich Village coffee houses attract a variety of people to whom peculiarities of dress and behavior seem quite normal



Open-air fruit and vegetable stalls, such as this one on Bleeker Street, are a common sight in the Village



Even at night Villagers play chess on the specially marked tables in Washington Square

and a stately arch, in memory of George Washington, gives an air of serene nobility. Altogether, Washington Square is exactly what I think a plaza should be.

Gracefully outlined against the sky at the south end of the square is the Judson Memorial Church tower. To the east the severe buildings of New York University dominate the landscape. Around the quadrangle, once the field of maneuvers of New York's Seventh Regiment, are a number of Georgian-style houses—elegant symbols of a bygone era—and some red-brick apartment buildings.

Spring and summer in Washington Square are sheer delight, for at these seasons of the year the place is crowded with picturesque characters. Enthusiastic musicians give improvised concerts around the fountain; old men avidly play chess and checkers on concrete tables specially built for this purpose; women air their babies and young people walk their dogs. And, of course, there are the inevitable park-bench lovers.

Originally populated by those who were fleeing cholera and yellow fever and by indigent Negroes, Irish, and Italians, Greenwich Village may be said to have been conceived in misery. But if its birth and childhood were tragic, its maturity was noble. By the beginning of the twentieth century, Greenwich Village had become the artist's paradise—an area of low and sometimes non-existent rents, a perfect place for rebellion and opportunity. Edna St. Vincent Millay, John Barrymore, Henry James, Walt Whitman, O. Henry, Stephen Crane, Edgar Allan Poe, La Argentinita, and Pilar López, her sister, are but a few of the noted personalities who once lived and worked in this district and who left their mark upon it.

Today, I do not know if the Village is in a period of decadence or of renovation. The rents are now high, and housing is scarce for those on low salaries. Enormous air-conditioned apartments are driving away the artists and other bohemians and are gradually destroying the character of the area. As a painter friend of mine suggested, only half-jokingly, it would be worth while to start a campaign for the establishment of slums, so that art may not suffer the consequences of progress. But progress has not yet completely spoiled Greenwich Village or eradicated its tradition, so rich and full of charm. You see it among the eager students of New York University or those of the New School for Social Research—where there are murals by Orozco, Thomas Benton, and Camilo Egas—and among the artists. It pervades the dark alleys and crooked streets (some of them even now lit by gas), where what were once stables are now elegant studios. The shades of an illustrious past are still in evidence from the leafy shade of Washington Square to the interiors of the Italian coffeehouses, where coffee is coffee and conversation is still an art.

It was a delight to discover the existence of these coffeehouses in the Village, since they had been so much a part of my life in my native Montevideo and I had missed them when I first arrived in New York. The more elaborate of these establishments boast marble tables and elegant paintings on the walls; the less pretentious are

decorated only with calendars. In all of them, there is the omnipresent, gigantic coffee-maker, turning out *espresso*, *cappuccino*, and a variety of other coffee mixtures with ceremony worthy of a liturgical rite. Within the confines of the coffeehouse, time loses meaning, and only the enjoyment of leisure is important. The air becomes heavy with talk and cigarette smoke, stifling with the heat of human bodies. As they come in from the streets, people fall naturally into groups. And what a motley gathering it is!

It is easy to spot the self-styled American "existentialists." All are immaculately clean—and all wear the uniform of the "non-conformist." The men are in perfectly fitting khaki pants and open shirts, and very often sport beards that would arouse the envy of their grandfathers. The women of this group wear toreador pants or full skirts, low-cut blouses, and enamel or ceramic earrings (the work of local artisans). Their eyes are heavily made up, but the total absence of lipstick gives the impression that they may be suffering from pernicious anemia.

Also in the coffeehouse one finds the white-collar workers; the young architects dreaming of new geometry in concrete and aluminum; the painters who discuss their theories of art as tirelessly and passionately as if no one had ever said the same thing before. Then there are the outsiders—people like myself, who are not really a part of this milieu but simply wish to absorb a little of its stimulating enthusiasm—the best cure in the world for problems, at least for *our* problems.

For those who wish to see, the Village is like a vast movie screen, on which are projected hope and despair, success and failure. And, indeed, there are many failures: the unshaven beggar, ragged and drunken, exchanging one of his poems for a glass of whisky; the down-and-out matinee idol and diva, eagerly looking for someone who will listen to the story of their glorious past and perhaps buy them a drink. Musicians, painters, writers, and students, actors still in make-up from their latest performance at one of those pocket-sized "off-Broadway" theaters—all are a part of the panorama, and all are mixed together in a colorful if barbaric potpourri. And there are the noisy Italians with their pizzas, their processions, their open-air vegetable stalls. Bargaining is a favorite pastime with this group; the customer always tries it, and the vendor usually enters into the game with jocular good humor. In this confused, heterogeneous atmosphere, you forget to care whether Greenwich Village is a fountainhead of U.S. culture. But even if it is not, this makes no difference to me, for genius knows no geographical boundary, and as long as its streets vibrate with youthful enthusiasm, with intellectual curiosity, with the attitude that learning is more important than the acquisition of a diploma, Greenwich Village will be worth while.

The people of the Village do have at least one trait in common: their pride. It is evident whether they are listening to spirituals in a night club or to poetry readings against a background of jazz, whether they are gazing at pictures in one of the many art galleries that have sprouted like mushrooms in the last few years, or brows-



Onetime stables are now most fashionable living quarters



Even the off-beat Village artist has to eat, and a little business is always welcome



Residents and tourists alike flock to the outdoor art exhibitions, held semi-annually



"Er... perhaps if you removed your tie—"

Village inhabitants are often the butt of humor...

...and even enjoy poking fun at themselves, as in these cartoons from weekly Village Voice



ing in an all-night book store. They are proud of themselves, of being Villagers, of their get-ups. They are proud of disregarding convention, of living their lives in the way they see fit—which, I might add, is seldom the respectable way. Along the same line, they refuse to notice other people's deviations from the social norm—a courting couple of the same sex gets as little attention as a reader in a public library.

Like all urban districts, the Village has a main street: Eighth Street. Its stores are of the most exotic sort—it could not be otherwise. Here, skilled craftsmen representing many countries—Norway, Sweden, Japan, Mexico, and the United States, to name a few—produce and sell wares of great beauty. Goldsmiths, silversmiths, jewelers, metal workers, and leather workers—some of whom ply their trades at the back of their stores—transform raw materials into objects that tempt the pocket-book of the most casual windowshopper. The other streets of the Village fork, interlace, and become obscured. Towering over them are the old brick walls, now blackened with the soot of ages, reflecting the eerie shadows of the fire escapes that hang outside the buildings.

And in every street there are theaters, catering to every taste. There is even Italian grand opera, at which no admission is charged but the spectators make voluntary contributions according to their estimate of its worth. Some of the Village theaters are so small that the stage extends into the aisle, and the performers often become confused with the audience. Once in a while, there is a hit; a play gets to Broadway, and the future of a dramatist, director, or actor is made, confirming all the fairy tales.

No matter how well you know the Village, it is always a mystery. That is why its semi-annual outdoor art exhibitions fascinate me. On these occasions, the works of local artists are hung on the iron grating and walks of the houses that surround Washington Square and the near-by streets. The art work, on the whole, is of very low quality, but it is usually the only opportunity that an artist has to sell one of his paintings. These exhibits are fun in the same way that a carnival is fun. They draw big crowds; all the local bohemians, the successes and the failures, the honestly mistaken and the "phonies," are there, and so are a multitude of staring outsiders. Also from the outside come a few special types—such as the wealthy woman who slowly walks her carefully manicured and bejeweled French poodle, while looking for a protégé. The paradox of the Village is plainly apparent here—with all its contrasts and exaggerations, it is sometimes no more than a caricature, often a bitter one, of the false values of many New Yorkers. In this the Village is merely living up to its own tradition. The "center of free verse and love," as the guidebooks describe it, has always reflected the outside world; yesterday it was the scene of major political arguments and today its politics are as gloomy and apathetic as elsewhere in the great Western cities.

Another traditional aspect is the curiosity of Villagers about all phases of human life. Every week, public discussions are scheduled with theologians and civic and

political leaders on such problems as alcoholism, narcotic addiction, and juvenile delinquency. Moreover, it is not uncommon to see small groups of people gathered around a soap-box orator in Washington Square. Sometimes, several such orations on different subjects may be going on at once, and the passer-by can choose his speaker according to his taste.

This restless mental activity of the Greenwich Villager is expressed in the local press. Lively and alert, the Village newspapers are as original in their treatment of classified ads as they are in the reporting of more serious matters. As an example, here is one ad which appeared in *The Village Voice*, a weekly, on April 2, 1958:

AT LAST!

After years of intensive study for the concert stage, I am now prepared to offer my services as an accomplished male baby sitter. CA 8-6838. Call mornings.

It was in the editorial offices of this newspaper, full of books, papers, and photographs, and reeking with the smell of printers' ink, that I got my first bird's-eye view of Village history. Here I became acquainted with the many interesting things to do and see in the area, I was told some entertaining anecdotes, and I learned something about various celebrities. I was so fascinated by all this that I later went to the New-York Historical Society, where I began to familiarize myself with the past and present of the Village—from the story of Sir Peter Warren, a British naval officer who sold land and grain to the early settlers, to the latest details about each street and building. Newspapermen, professors, and artist friends supplied the wealth of material that has now been lying on my work table for months. But it is difficult to write when one has so much information at hand. So I decided merely to sketch in bold outline what I felt and saw, rather than what I had read or what was told to me.

As long ago as 1924, the *New York Bulletin* expressed the opinion that there are not five real artists in the Village. Well, what of that? So long as the Village keeps alive the specialized atmosphere that makes the coffeehouses not merely nighttime refuges but intellectual catalysts, so long as people can go about their business without fear of being annihilated by traffic and by the hustle and bustle of Manhattan, it will have its place. If the true artists have left, it is because they have been financially successful. More power to them! I do not criticize those who have abandoned the bohemian life for an apartment on Madison Avenue; when you come right down to it, one can enjoy more comfort in upper Manhattan. But that being the case, may the Village be preserved for us dreamers—for us who like to hear our footsteps as we stroll about at night through the silent, gaslit streets. May they leave us the Village, where there is time and place to think and plan and dream. I love the Village with its large houses, low and ugly, its dirty brick walls, narrow streets, and basement restaurants. I love the Village, with all its faults and its virtues, with its melancholy of yesterday and its sadness of today. ♦

DRAWINGS AT THE PAU

JOSÉ GÓMEZ-SICRE

DRAWING—with its strict simplicity, its message aimed more at the mind than at the senses, its severity of form, its structural function—is one of the best measures of an artist's capacity: his sureness, his vision, the origin of his creative concept. It is treacherous, too, for deficiencies or lack of discipline will become immediately

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apparent. Drawing is the mainstay of any work of art and the stamp of the genuine artist. Therefore, an exhibition of drawings like the one dealt with here fills two functions: to re-evaluate drawing as a medium in itself and to demonstrate the serious discipline of today's Latin American artists.

Actually, these works are part of a show that opened

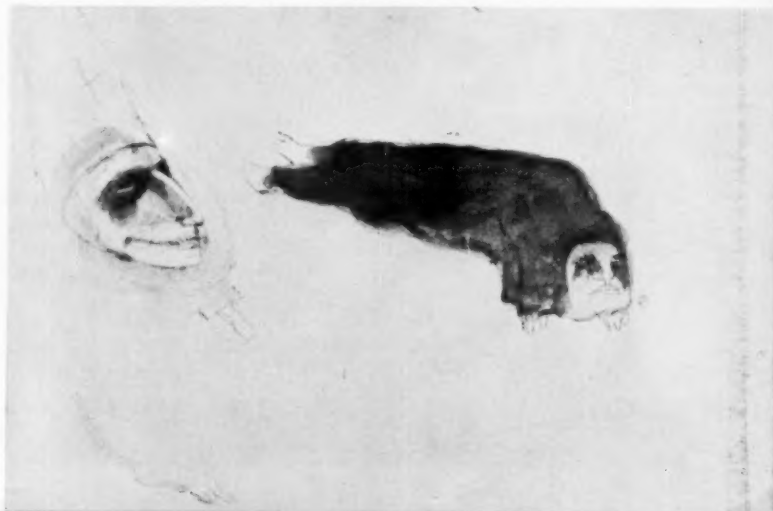


Woman, ink, by Aldemir Martins of Brazil



Drawing No. 7, ink and quill pen, by José Y. Bermúdez of Cuba

Funeral of a Dictator, ink and gouache, by Mexican José Luis Cuevas

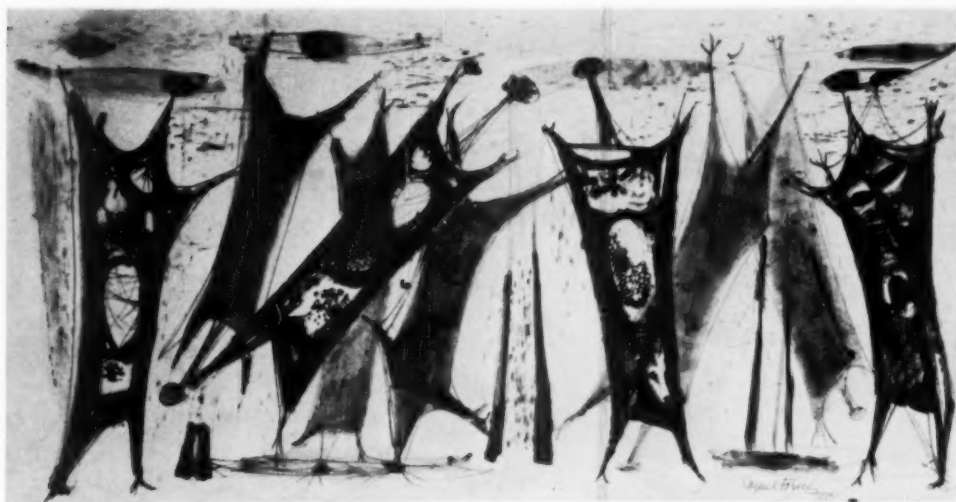


at the PAU on April 14 (in honor of Pan American Day), closed on May 12, and will be presented by the Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service—under the direction of Annemarie H. Pope—in museums throughout the United States until next May or June.

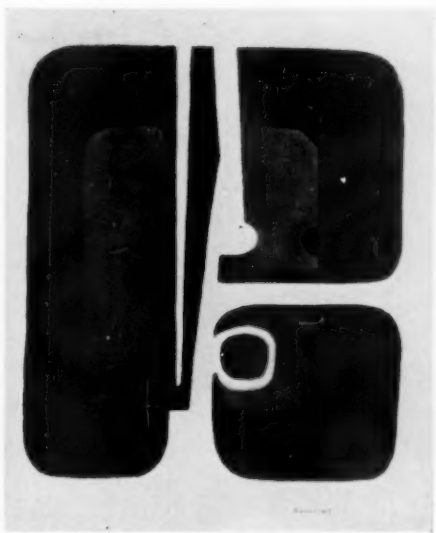
In making the selection—which represents thirty-four artists from eleven Latin American countries—Mrs. Pope and I used as our primary criterion that each work included should be an end in itself and not a means. That is, not a preliminary sketch for a painting, a sculpture, an engraving, or the like. We wanted only pure drawings, conceived as such. Our first invitations naturally went to artists whose only medium is drawing: Aldemir Martins and Marcelo Grassmann of Brazil and José Luis Cuevas of Mexico. Then we called on painters and craftsmen in other media who also turn out fine draw-

ings, and set a time limit for contributions from which our final choice would be made. Fortunately, we have been able to present works that display a wealth of procedures and techniques. Pen and ink, brush and ink, charcoal, crayon, lead pencil, silverpoint, water color, gouache—and, in some instances, combinations of two or more of these media—have been used to achieve diverse expressions.

From Argentina, there are drawings by two members of the first generation to follow the modern trend in that country, Raquel Forner and Juan Carlos Castagnino; two from the middle generation, Leopoldo Torres-Agüero and Luis Seoane; and two from the latest, Clorindo Testa and Kasuya Sakai. In Testa's hands, a printer's inking roller creates *Forms in Black*, with short, nervous lines between; and Sakai has incorporated pure Japanese cal-



Shadows, wash and ink,
by Raquel Forner of
Argentina



Slabs, charcoal, by Eduardo Ramírez of Colombia

Girls in a Garden, ink, by Amelia Peláez of Cuba



ligraphy, dramatic and turbulent, into present-day Argentine art.

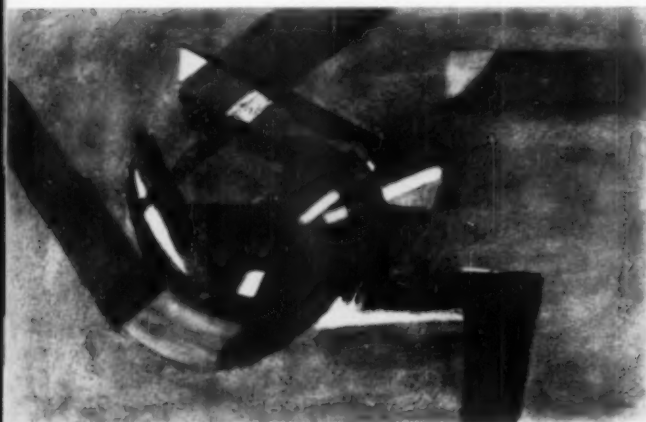
Bolivia is represented by two avant-garde painters, Enrique Arnal and María Luisa de Pacheco. And next on the alphabetical list comes Brazil, with works by the renowned landscape architect and painter Roberto Burle-Marx, Carybé, and Fernando Lemos. Not to forget Martins, whose dry, rigid lines, of the same intensity throughout, look like the work of a primitive artist seeking the Japanese sense of space; and Grassmann, whose contributions depict imaginative, freakish creatures.

Two internationally famous Chilean artists, Roberto Matta and Enrique Zañartu, have works in the exhibition, along with their talented compatriot Carmen Silva. Zañartu expresses his cryptic world with light touches of charcoal that achieve the transparency of a dragon-

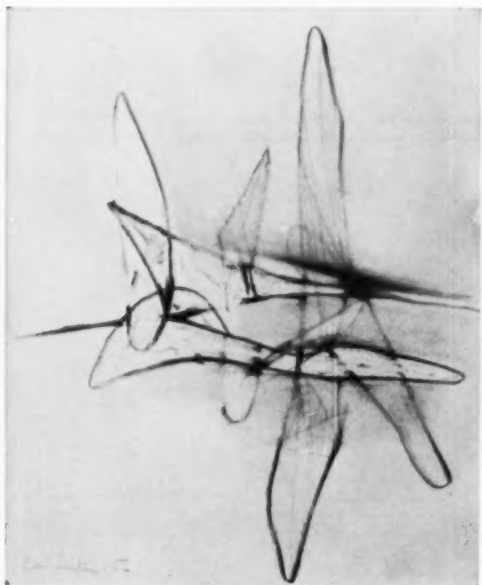
fly's wing, while Carmen Silva uses light pencil strokes, with heavier accents here and there, and creates an over-all effect of Oriental calligraphy without destroying the realism of the subject.

The Colombian entries are ink drawings by Enrique Grau and Alejandro Obregón and a work by Eduardo Ramírez, in which he has used charcoal to give a velvety surface to stone slabs.

With Cundo Bermúdez, Amelia Peláez, Wifredo Lam, Luis Martínez-Pedro, and Mario Carreño (of the first generation of Cuban moderns), and José Y. Bermúdez, Hugo Consuegra, and Servando Cabrera-Moreno (of the younger generation), the largest Caribbean republic has the largest representation in the show. In Lam's wash-ink drawing of *Deities* he has given free rein to his imagination and created strange dinosaur-like creatures with



Adagio, wash-ink and charcoal, by Fernando de Szyszlo of Peru



Forms, wash-ink and charcoal, by Enrique Zañartu of Chile



Horses, wash and ink, by Juan Carlos Castagnino of Argentina

some human characteristics. Contrasting with his light lines and shading, Amelia Peláez's thick strokes resemble the baroque colonial ironwork that she depicts in almost all her work. And from this labyrinthine darkness to the austere transparency of Martínez-Pedro's silverpoint and the fine lines of Cundo Bermúdez's melancholy, costumed clowns.

Delicacy, in both detail and technique, is perhaps the outstanding characteristic of the ink drawing *Birds in Flight*, by Rodolfo Abularach of Guatemala. Despite his youth, he has already won recognition for his drawing skill—fine, careful crosshatching goes into each work. Mexico's representatives—in addition to Cuevas, who uses the most subtle lines imaginable with a surprising audacity that has come to be his trademark—are Rufino Tamayo and Alberto Gironella.

To round out the exhibition, there is a noteworthy drawing by the Panamanian Ciro Oduber, who delineates the fruit-vendor theme intricately without weakening the composition in the least. Fernando de Szyszlo of Peru uses a cosmos of shadows, of infinite grays, of rich blacks to give a modern interpretation of ancient art in his homeland. And Oswaldo Vigas of Venezuela brings up the end of the alphabet with his *Monolithic Flower* in ink.

We try to contribute to the understanding of Latin American art in the United States with all our PAU traveling exhibitions—twenty or so works in several media by artists from perhaps a dozen countries—but, with due modesty, we feel that the wide variety of trends, techniques, and themes in this particular show makes it exceptionally well suited to the purpose. *



The Taming of the Beast, ink, by Marcelo Grassmann of Brazil



Monolithic Flower, ink, by Oswaldo Vigas of Venezuela



Burros, wash-ink, by Carybé of Brazil



Whirling Forms, ink and gouache, by Kasuya Sakai of Argentina



WAITING

A short story by **JORGE LUIS BORGES**

Illustrated by **JOSÉ LUIS CUEVAS**

THE CAB dropped him in front of number 4004 on a street in the northwestern section of town. It was not yet nine in the morning; the man noticed with approval the plane trees, the square plot of earth around each one, the decent houses with little balconies, the adjacent drugstore, the graceless outline of the hardware store. The long blank wall of a hospital backed onto the sidewalk opposite; farther off, the sun glanced off some greenhouses. The man reflected that these things (now arbitrary and casual and every-which-way, like the things you see in dreams) would in time, God willing, be invariable, necessary, and familiar. On the window of the drugstore, porcelain letters read "Breslauer"—the Jews were displacing the Italians, who had displaced the na-

tives. So much the better; the man preferred not to mingle with others of his stock.

The cabdriver helped him to take down his trunk; a woman who seemed either absent-minded or weary finally opened the door. From his box, the driver handed back one of his coins, a Uruguayan *vintén* that he had been carrying in his pocket ever since that night in the hotel at Melo. The man gave him forty centavos, and as he did so he thought: "It's up to me to behave in such a way that people will forget me. I've committed two blunders: I gave him a piece of foreign money and I let him see that the mistake mattered to me."

Preceded by the woman, he crossed the vestibule and the first patio. The room that had been reserved for him opened, happily, onto the second. The bed was of iron bent into fantastic curves, simulating branches and vines; there was also a tall pine wardrobe, a night table, a bookcase, two unmatched chairs, and a washstand with its bowl, its jug, its soapdish, and a demijohn made of cloudy glass. A map of Buenos Aires Province and a

JORGE LUIS BORGES, the outstanding Buenos Aires writer who was the subject of an article in our March issue, has often expressed regret that his failing eyesight precludes his contributing an original article or short story to AMÉRICAS. It was at his suggestion that we are reprinting this selection from *El Aleph*.

crucifix adorned the walls; the paper was crimson and had a pattern of large peacocks with their tails unfurled. The only door was the one to the patio. The chairs had to be moved to make room for the trunk. The tenant approved of everything; when the woman asked him his name he said "Villari," not as a secret challenge, not to allay a sense of shame that in fact he did not feel, but because the name was on his mind, because it was impossible for him to think of any other. He was not beguiled, certainly, by the bookish error of imagining that it might be a clever idea to assume the name of his enemy.

Mr. Villari did not leave the house at first; after a few weeks, he took to going out for a while after dark. Some nights he went to the movie theater three blocks away. He never advanced beyond the last row; he always got up a little before the end of the performance. He saw tragic gangster pictures; they undoubtedly contained errors, they undoubtedly contained images from his own previous life; Villari did not notice them, because the idea of a coincidence between art and reality was foreign to him. He tried docilely to like the films; he was willing to accept them in the same spirit in which they were shown to him. Unlike people who have read novels, he never saw himself as a character in a work of art.

He never received a letter, or even a circular, but he read with dim hope one section of the daily paper. In the afternoons, he set one of the chairs in the doorway and gravely sipped maté, his eyes fixed on the vines climbing the wall of the taller house next door. Years of solitude had taught him that in memory days tend to be alike, but that there is no day, not even in jail or in the hospital, that does not bring surprises, that when held up to the light is not a mesh of tiny surprises. At other times of seclusion, he had yielded to the temptation of counting the days and the hours, but this seclusion was different, it had no end—unless one morning the paper should bring him news of the death of Alejandro Villari. It was also possible that Villari *had already died*, and then this life was a dream. This possibility disturbed him, because he could not make up his mind whether there was more of relief or of misfortune in it; he told himself it was absurd and discarded it. In distant days, distant less because of the passage of time than because of two or three irrevocable events, he had wanted many things, with a desire that left no room for scruples; this powerful will, which had inspired the hatred of men and the love of at least one woman, did not want particular things any more: it only wanted to survive, not to come to an end. The smell of grass, the taste of black tobacco, the creeping edge of shadow as it filled the patio, were inducement enough.

There was an old police dog in the house. Villari made friends with him. He talked to him in Spanish, in Italian, and in the few words he could remember of the rustic dialect of his childhood. Villari tried to live in the mere present, without memories or plans; the former were less important to him than the latter. Obscurely, he thought he had divined that the past is the substance time is made of; that was why the one instantly turned into the

other. His fatigue, some days, resembled happiness; at times like that he was not much more complicated than the dog.

One night a sudden stab of pain in the back of his mouth left him trembling. This horrid miracle recurred a few minutes later and again toward morning. The next day Villari ordered a taxi, which took him to a dental clinic in the Once district. There they pulled the molar. In this crisis he was no more of a coward and no more tranquil than anyone else.

Another night, coming home from the movies, he felt a push. With anger, with indignation, with secret relief, he turned to face his assailant. He spat out a coarse insult; the other man, astonished, stammered an apology. He was a tall man, young, dark-haired; the woman with him was of German type; Villari, that night, repeated to himself that he did not know them. All the same, four or five days passed before he went out on the street again.

Among the books in the bookcase was a *Divine Comedy*, with the old commentary by Andreoli. Impelled less by curiosity than by a sense of duty, Villari set out to read this masterpiece; before dinner he would read one canto and then, in strict order, the notes. He did not consider improbable or excessive the tortures of the Inferno, and he did not think that Dante would have condemned him to the last circle, where Ugolino's teeth gnaw eternally at Ruggieri's neck.

The peacocks on the crimson wallpaper seemed designed for the purpose of inspiring nightmares, but Mr. Villari never dreamed of a monstrous pavilion made of inextricably entwined live birds. At daybreak he would dream a dream that had this same background but in which the circumstances varied. Two men and Villari came into the room with revolvers, or they assaulted him as he came out of the movies, or they were, all three at once, the stranger who had pushed him, or they waited sadly for him in the patio and seemed not to recognize him. At the end of the dream, he would take the revolver from the night-table drawer (and he really did keep a revolver in that drawer) and fire it at the men. The noise of the shot would awaken him, but it was always a dream, and in another dream the attack would be repeated and in another dream he would have to kill them all over again.

One cloudy morning in July, the presence of strangers (not the sound of the door when they opened it) woke him up. Tall in the half-dark of the room, curiously simplified in the half-dark (always in his dread dreams they had been clearer), watchful, unmoving, and patient, their eyes lowered as if by the weight of their weapons, Alejandro Villari and a stranger had found him at last. He signaled to them to wait and turned toward the wall, as if he were going back to sleep. Did he do it to arouse pity in those who killed him, or because it is easier to endure a fearful thing than to imagine it and wait for it without end, or—and this perhaps comes closest—so that the murderers should be a dream, as they had been so many times in the same place at the same time?

He was held in this magic when the shot obliterated him. ♣



Poet's grandfather, who traveled in Chile, Peru, and Brazil

The Byrons and America

ESTUARDO NÚÑEZ

IF IT HAD NOT BEEN for his untimely death at the age of thirty-six, there is every reason to suppose that George Gordon Lord Byron would have come to our shores to fight for South American independence. In so doing, he would have been following the example of many of his compatriots—Miller, Cochrane, and O'Leary, among

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others. Surely the man who was so deeply stirred by the Greek independence movement, and who was increasingly eager to dedicate his life to the cause of freedom, could not have failed to ally himself with Bolivar!

For Lord Byron was already interested in America. In 1822 and 1823, shortly before his death, he had been given and had seized the opportunity to broaden his knowledge of life in these parts. He was living at the time in Italy, in close association with Shelley and with a friend and admirer whom he respected highly, Captain Thomas Medwin, who had sailed the Pacific to Oceania and had also gone to South America. It was probably Medwin who brought to Byron's attention Captain Bligh's *Narrative of the Mutiny and Seizure of the "Bounty" in the South Seas in 1789*. Greatly impressed by this work, Byron wrote his poem "The Island." He must also have been given some of the other books of the same nature that were beginning to appear at about this period. These books were mostly by English travelers such as Hall, Proctor, and Brand, whose romantic descriptions of their adventures in South America inspired Byron with the desire to follow them.

But aside from his humanistic and literary motives, Byron had a more directly personal reason for wanting to explore the mysteries of the New World. His paternal grandfather, the Honorable John Byron, had spent many exciting months in this region when he commanded the corvette *Wager* in Admiral Anson's fleet, which made a famous voyage around the world between 1740 and 1746. The *Wager* was shipwrecked in the Strait of Magellan, and its crew suffered months of hardship on a small island off the coast of Chile before they were able to reach the mainland.

Years later, in 1763, Commodore Byron published his *Narrative*, in which he relates the strange details of this shipwreck. The book proved to be as popular in Europe as *Robinson Crusoe*. It went through several English-language editions (the first printed in Dublin) and was also translated into French, German, and Spanish—the Spanish translation made by Casimiro de Ortega and published in Madrid in 1769. As a work of literature, it was one that had strong appeal to the romantic-minded readers of succeeding generations. The account of the shipwreck itself is replete with horror. Describing the terrible storm, Byron tells how the unrelenting waves inundated the decks of the ship; the way the men were disabled and wounded; the manner in which the ship was finally destroyed. We learn that many of the crew were half-crazed with terror and that those who were at last able to save themselves from the wreckage felt that they had nothing to look forward to but life on a desolate and barren island, with no means of survival. Throughout, man is shown as a mere plaything of nature and its helpless victim.

For example, the navigator says in one passage:

Orders were then given immediately by the captain to sway the foreyard up, and set the fore-sail; which done, we wore ship with her head to the southward, and endeavored to crowd her off from the land; but the weather, from being exceeding tempestuous, blowing now a perfect hurricane, and right in upon the shore, rendered our endeavours (for we were now only twelve hands fit

for duty) intirely fruitless. The night came on, dreadful beyond description, in which, attempting to throw out our topsails to claw off the shore, they were immediately blown from the yards.

Elsewhere he adds:

So terrible was the scene of foaming breakers around us, that one of the bravest men we had could not help expressing his dismay at it, saying it was too shocking a sight to bear; and would have thrown himself over the rails of the quarter-deck into the sea, had he not been prevented.

Eventually, with the help of friendly Indian natives, the survivors of the shipwreck were able to build themselves a new boat, in which they set sail for the mainland of Chile. There they met with a warm reception from the Spanish settlers. Byron takes many pages to discuss the customs of the people and to comment on their generosity. For example, he tells of how an amiable parish priest offered him the hand of his niece in marriage and how he hesitated to accept the offer, even when he was made aware of the girl's large dowry. If only, he thought, it were possible to exchange the insincerity of the Europeans for the ingenuous, refreshing attitude toward life of the Chilean people! (In this conflict, Mariano Picón Salas sees the typical mentality of the Enlightenment—the attractions of nature at war with the formalities of civilization.) In the end, romantic considerations were less important to Byron than his devotion to duty and the rigorous demands of the naval profession. So he returned to England, there to write the impassioned account of his adventures and misfortunes.

Commodore Byron's book, besides offering an account of colonial life in Chile, is liberally sprinkled with references to the neighboring Viceroyalty of Peru. It also contains information about the island of Madeira, Rio de Janeiro, the Falkland Islands, and above all Patagonia.

Aside from its literary merit, the work was one of scientific importance in that it served to disprove certain myths widely circulated by earlier travelers, whose imagination had got the better of them. One of these myths, firmly believed by European scientists of that time, had to do with the existence in Patagonia of a race of giants. It is known that Benjamin Franklin himself, in Göttingen, Germany, had discussed these giant Patagonians with other scientists. The notion that such a species existed had originated with Magellan and was later corroborated and circulated by pirates such as Cavendish, Van Noort, and Spilbergen, and even by serious travelers like Frazier, who were told the story but never substantiated it.

John Byron's seafaring adventure, which had attracted so much attention throughout Europe, made a profound impression upon his poet grandson. For one thing, the subject matter of the elder Byron's book—its concern with such elements of nature as the clouds, the stars, the night, the tempestuous sea—was in tune with the romantic sentiments of the nineteenth-century English poets, and Lord Byron was no exception. Moreover, Lord Byron naturally felt a certain pride in his relationship to the popular author of the *Narrative*, and this could not help but affect the character of his own writings. If we read a portion of his "Epistle to Augusta," for example, we

see the way in which Lord Byron compares his own mental anguish to that of his grandfather:

A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
Recalling as it lies beyond redress,
Reversed for him our grandsire's fate of yore:
He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

The identification he felt with his illustrious predecessor is unmistakable.

Other works of Lord Byron also reflect the influence of his grandfather's *Narrative*. In *Don Juan*, there are descriptions of storms similar to those experienced in the Strait of Magellan by the shipwrecked crew of the *Wager* but elaborated upon by Byron's own poetic imagination. The same holds true for the storm scene in the poem "Layda." A nautical flavor, combined with some moral philosophizing, characterizes "The Island" and even the wanderings of *Childe Harold*.



Elder Byron wrote best-seller about his shipwreck off Chile and subsequent adventures in South America

In descriptions of nature, Byron's poetry consistently shows the American imprint, brought by his grandfather to the shores of England. Directly or indirectly, America is an integral part of his work, as well as of his spirit. And it is this feeling of affinity, according to Byron's biographers, that impelled him to make plans for a trip to South America during the latter years of his life—plans that, unfortunately, never materialized.

A well-known critic, Arturo Farinelli, has written:

Lord Byron aspired to set his sights for America and to bring to its shores his dreams of freedom and independence. But death overtook him in Greece. Even though he was unable to carry out his plans for this transatlantic voyage, Byron never lost his love for all that was primitive and uncultivated, for that rustic crudeness which followers of Rousseau saw as a logical contrast to a civilization that was rapidly losing its strength and vigor.

Thus, through the experiences of his grandfather, America seemed to Byron the essence of all that was fresh and alive in nature. America appealed to his romanticism, and also to his idealism, for it was the cradle of liberty, a place where man's highest hopes might be realized. ♦



When blown into or struck, these holes in Inca wall produce different notes

THE SINGING STONE

PABLO GARRIDO

A DECADE is not long when it comes to unraveling an archaeological mystery, and the job is much slower and more arduous when only one or two people take an active interest in the find. So it is with an unusual stone in Cuzco.

Eleven years ago this month I was in Lima, lecturing at the University of San Marcos on archaeology and anthropology. As I scanned *El Comercio* the morning of June 30, an article on "the tuning stone of Inca music" caught my eye. In it, Augusto D. León Barandiarán announced his discovery of this "unknown marvel," which "had never been mentioned, even in passing, in any book or legend, ancient or modern."

The stone he described—about a yard wide, a foot and a half from top to bottom, of undetermined depth, and with three holes across the top—was part of an ancient wall along Calle Awajpinta (or Ahuacpinta) in Cuzco.

PABLO GARRIDO of Chile is a man of many interests: musicology, composing, folklore, anthropology, and archaeology.

Close by was the Santo Domingo Church, which had been built by the Spanish colonists on the foundations of the Koricancha, the Inca Temple of the Sun. I read further and found that the holes, from left to right, produced the notes D, A, and E when blown into or struck with the palm of the hand. Since my forte is musicology, I was so curious by this time that I knew I had to go to Cuzco as soon as possible.

My first trip there, a sort of reconnaissance tour, was not as successful as it might have been, partly because of the *misti manchachi*, torrential rains that the natives swear are meant to scare off outsiders (actually, *misti* means foreign, and *manchachi*, fear or fright). Be that as it may, I could not corroborate Barandiarán's findings completely for yet another reason: I had not brought along the necessary precision instruments.

From Barandiarán's description and diagram, I found the stone in question without the least difficulty. It is about sixty feet from the Plazuela de Santo Domingo, in the second row from the bottom of an outside wall of

the Koricancha that is about two hundred feet long, sixteen feet high, and a yard thick.

The Koricancha itself was built during the reign of the Inca Pachacútec, probably around 1440. When the conquistadors came along, they destroyed most of the "sacred" superstructure, but left the foundations and a few chambers intact. And there is no reason to doubt that this stone is "one with the wall," as Barandiarán wrote. It is obvious from the character of the masonry, from the lack of mortar (all Inca walls were put together like huge jigsaw puzzles), and from the smoothly polished surface. It would have been impossible to substitute it for another stone after the construction of the wall.

Now for the holes, which had to be cleared of the debris that passers-by had left in them. Once this was done, I found that the sounds emitted corresponded exactly to D, A, and E, or tuning by fifths—perplexing, yet consistent with Barandiarán's calling it "the tuning stone." However, to be on the safe side and not commit myself as to its original purpose, I called it the Singing Stone.

After I left Cuzco, I decided that comprehensive research was in order. I talked to as many people as I could, seeking information, but with no luck. Then I

Church of Santo Domingo was built on ruins of Koricancha, or Sun Temple, in one of whose outer walls is Singing Stone



worked from a lengthy bibliography that included everything from pamphlets put out by the Cuzco Office of Tourism to scientific works by Peruvian and foreign experts. I came up with absolutely nothing.

The only thing left was for me to go back there, prepared to make a thorough study myself—which I did in December 1957. Mainly, I wanted to verify the claims made by Barandiarán, who had since died. I had with me Francisco Oliart Bermúdez, a student at the University of San Andrés and at the Regional School of Music in Cuzco; Pedro d'Andurain, a Chilean violinist who had gone along with me on other field trips; and Víctor Moscoso, a Cuzco mason and carpenter.



Francisco Oliart Bermúdez, the author, and Víctor Moscoso measure depth of holes

We first found, after doing another clean-up job, that I could not get the same notes that both Barandiarán and I had got before. Now, using a standard tuning fork, I got B below middle C, B an octave higher, and the G between. Next I took precise measurements (down to the half centimeter) of the openings, with each of my companions double-checking behind me. Naturally, they too differed from Barandiarán's. For example, the first hole was shorter by almost four inches, the second longer by about ten, and the third longer by about six.

All of which would seem to eliminate the possibility that it was ever a "tuning stone" at all. Obviously, the holes may extend still farther back or, like others that served as drainage pipes, perhaps go all the way through the wall—a contingency that Barandiarán himself recognized. It will take an exhaustive amount of prying and digging to determine exactly what the Incas had in mind for this stone, but for now it remains—without question—the Singing Stone of Cuzco. ♣

THE OAS IN ACTION

(continued from page 2)

provide funds, under the same standards, to any qualified enterprise in a member's territory. In the case of a nongovernmental borrower, the Bank may require that the member government or a public institution guarantee principal and interest payments. Such a guarantee is not required by the statutes, however, as is the case with the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development.

Like the International Bank, the Inter-American Bank will charge a 1-per-cent commission on all loans, to go into a special liquid reserve for meeting liabilities of the institution. Again like its world-scale predecessor, it will use its borrowing power to expand the amount of money it can put to work on concrete development projects. The fact that the callable shares of members' stock stand behind it in such transactions is counted on to give it a good position in financial markets. And it will be able to sell, with or without its own guarantee, securities in which it has invested. Thus, if a Bank-sponsored project is going satisfactorily, a private bank or investor may be willing to purchase the remaining obligation.

SPECIAL FUND

The Fund for Special Operations, in contrast, is designed to meet certain needs that cannot be covered by normal banking procedures—things that are essential to a country's development but which may not directly produce any goods, or which may require longer amortization periods or lower interest rates than normal. Some road, port, school, and sanitation projects, for example, would fall in this category. Loans from the Fund that are made in other currencies may be partially or wholly repayable in the local currency of the country where the project is to be carried out. They can be made only from resources directly assigned to the Fund, borrowed for it, or earned in its operations. The ordinary resources of the Bank, including the uncalled stock, can never be used to meet liabilities incurred by the Fund.

Loans made with the Bank's gold and dollar resources will help industrializing countries get the machinery and other producers' goods they need but have not had enough dollars available to pay for. Loans in local currencies, it is hoped, will get worthwhile projects going that will interest local capital that has hitherto been idle or tied up in real estate or foreign securities. With the emphasis on regional development and planning, which will fit in with any common-market arrangements the countries agree on, local industries can be built up to make producers' goods too, as the market for the consumers' product they will turn out grows. In all its work, the Bank will be guided by the idea of mutual benefit for all the members

and orderly growth of trade, avoiding any narrow nationalism. Borrowers will not be told they must spend their loan funds in any particular country, unless restrictions are placed on its use by the country whose currency is involved.

Of course, the Bank is not expected to solve all of Latin America's economic problems by a long shot. As this issue goes to press, a host of others are being discussed by the "Committee of Twenty-one" in Buenos Aires. Many of them will have a direct bearing on the Bank's operations. Inflation, for example, is one tough nut the countries still have to crack for themselves. The Bank's capital holdings in a member's currency will be adjusted by calling for additional amounts or returning extra sums whenever the par value of that currency in the International Monetary Fund goes down or up to a significant extent.

TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE

Another obstacle many of the Latin American countries have faced in their development schemes has been the lack of properly trained personnel to work out detailed project proposals acceptable to the lending agencies and insure that they are carried out as originally intended. So special attention has been given to technical assistance in the Bank's program as well as in other OAS activities. It can provide such help both directly, in regard to preparation, financing, and execution of development plans and formulation of specific loan proposals, and indirectly, through seminars and training programs.

ADMINISTRATION

The Bank will have as its ruling body a Board of Governors to which each member shall appoint a representative. As a general rule, it will meet annually. Between times, operations will be supervised by a seven-member Board of Executive Directors. The United States, as the largest stockholder, will appoint one Director, and the other countries will elect the remaining six. Some things, however, only the Board of Governors can do. These include admitting new members, increasing or decreasing authorized stock of the Bank or contributions to the Fund, electing the Bank President, suspending a member, and others.

Except as specifically provided in certain cases, all decisions of the Governors or Executive Directors will be by a majority of the total voting power of all member countries. Each member will have 135 votes, plus one vote for each share of stock it holds. Thus the United States will have 35,135 votes, Argentina and Brazil 10,449 each, and so on, out of a total of 87,835.

The agreement will enter into force as soon as instruments of acceptance or ratification have been deposited by countries representing not less than 85 per cent of the stock quotas.

a word with a Peruvian labor leader



LEONIDAS CRUZADO, a Peruvian labor leader, is a heavily built man with a pleasing smile and a quiet manner. I had the pleasure of interviewing him at the Pan American Union a short time ago, when he was in Washington on a U.S. State Department grant. As president of the Sugar Federation of Peru and Secretary General of La Libertad Department, Mr. Cruzado was about to begin a six weeks' tour of the United States, during which he would talk to a number of labor leaders and study the problems and development of various industries. His Federation is affiliated with the Workers' Federation of Peru, which, in turn, is a member of the Inter-American Regional Labor Organization.

I started by asking him: "What is the most serious problem facing Peruvian workers today?"

"We in the sugar industry are faced with the problem of automation, which, of course, creates unemployment that our collective-bargaining agreements can do nothing about. We're now trying to find a remedy for this—for example, by experimenting with a six-hour day."

"What is the procedure for organizing a union in your country, and what proportion of Peruvian labor is organized?"

"To organize a union the signatures of 50 per cent of the workers are required. Then a Government inspector canvasses the workers to determine whether they really want the union, and if the majority is in favor, the union is officially recognized. I can't speak for the rest of Peruvian labor, but, as for the sugar workers, I would say that 70 per cent are union members. An attempt is being made to unionize the remaining 30 per cent, but we are meeting with opposition."

Mr. Cruzado added that labor unions enjoy certain protective guarantees. One of these is the union's right to voice any grievance, provided that such a measure is backed up by a majority vote. Another guarantee insures job stability while a union leader is carrying on official negotiations.

"What has been done for workers with regard to accident insurance, wages, low-cost housing, and medical attention?"

"All companies are required to employ safety engineers in their factories. In May 1958 there was a general salary increase. This proved insufficient, since no proper study of the situation had been conducted beforehand,

but under the law we couldn't ask for another till a year had passed. To combat the rising cost of living, the growth of cooperatives has been encouraged.

"Industry gives free medical attention to its workers. One sugar mill in Casa Grande, a company town of fourteen thousand, has hospitals for the workers' families. The District of Chocope maintains a similar hospital and also one for the sole use of the workers. This workers' hospital is supported by a special fund, to which the company contributes the equivalent of 6 per cent of the worker's wages, the Government contributes 2 per cent, and the worker himself contributes 3 per cent. When it is necessary to provide housing for workers in cases where none is available (say, if the industrial plant is located in a remote area), the houses are built of brick; they used to be of adobe."

"And education?"

"If a company town has more than thirty-five children, the plant is obliged to support a school. The adults receive their instruction through discussion groups conducted by the union."

"Are strikes subject to arbitration?"

"Yes. First, however, representatives of labor and management sit down together and try to iron out their differences alone. If this fails and management refuses labor's demands, the dispute is taken to the Ministry of Labor for mediation and settlement. This is done seventy-two hours prior to a threatened strike. In cases where the dispute is arbitrated, the judge's decision is final and cannot be appealed. If after the decision is made the strike is not called off, the workers must pay damages. But if it is the employer who fails to comply, he is subject to a fine."

"Is most of the working force agricultural? Or, if there is a strong trend toward industrialization, are there schools available for the training of technicians?"

"About 40 per cent of Peruvian labor is agricultural; the rest is working in industry. Cartavio, which is one of our large sugar mills, has a technical school run by the plant engineers. The instruction is free, and the worker has only to buy his books. In each center there is also a preparatory school for new workers, established in cooperation with the Secretariat of Culture of the Confederation of Peruvian Workers."

"What can you tell me about your sugar industry?"

"We have been successful in increasing sugar production to 300 tons per hectare [2.47 acres] from a former output of 100 or 150 tons for the same area. Forty per cent of all the sugar produced is for internal consumption; the rest, as required by law, is for export. The principal product is refined, but a certain amount is used in the manufacture of rum and alcohol, and we also export some molasses for the manufacture of glycerin. In the common markets now planned, we have been assigned 495 tons of sugar for export sale. Incidentally, half the sugar worker's wages are paid in kind."

Because of his broad knowledge of the sugar industry, Mr. Cruzado was invited to Venezuela to organize two small sugar mills there. He also visited the Manuelita, a large sugar mill in the Cauca Valley, Colombia.—A.S.D.



UP AND COMING

Finanzas, published monthly in Buenos Aires, is a magazine that—as its name suggests—deals with matters economic and financial. The following article by Tomás Gabriel Duque, ex-President of Panama, appeared in a special issue dedicated to his country:

In the early days of the republic, around 1903, ours was a country virtually without industry, and the explanation is simple: . . . our privileged geographic position, which has made of Panama a hub not only of the Americas but of the world. This fixed in our minds the idea that the main purpose of the Isthmus was to encourage commerce with other nations. Agriculture and industry were unimportant. During the colonial period the Isthmus was a stopping place for thousands of people traveling between Europe and South America, which made us feel that all we needed, economically speaking, was to buy and sell. Merchants from all over America went to the famous, and profitable, fairs in the Atlantic-coast city of Portobelo. . . . Later, the discovery of gold in California brought people by the hundreds across Panamanian soil and reinforced the notion that our economic future lay only in trade. . . . Finally, the construction of the Panama Canal, which meant more ships and more travelers. . . .

With the passage of time, however, we Panamanians began to realize that industrial growth can co-exist with commercial enterprise. Experience had taught us that we must not rely entirely on commerce for our livelihood, since depressions and the like in other parts of the world had sometimes cut

travel and, as a consequence, revenue. . . . So for some time we have been concentrating more and more on the development of new industries—brewing; printing and engraving; fishing; dairy farming; the processing of iron, steel, sugar; the manufacture of cement, mosaics, shoes, trunks and suitcases, soaps and oils, toilet articles, cigarettes, cookies and candy, fruit juices and preserves, paints. . . .

The Panamanian Government has aided this industrial growth with several practical measures designed to strengthen and invigorate it. Our Institute of Economic Development has a special department . . . that makes studies of the various industries that could flourish in our country, and the results are publicized and used as a guide for further expansion. . . . A 1957 law authorizes the Government to sign contracts with the investors concerned, thus giving the new industries many advantages and privileges that they would not otherwise have. . . . Foreign investments are welcomed, because today we are fully aware of how much they can mean to our economic progress. . . .

LEARNING BY TV

Antonio Pasquali has little good to say about ordinary U.S. television, but he has discovered "the other, little-known side of the coin"—which he describes in this article from the Caracas daily El Nacional:

. . . Thirty-two non-commercial stations are pouring into the U.S. television channels an average of eight hundred hours a week of educational programs (some eighteen hundred productions), not counting the many

cultural and purely informational broadcasts. The thing has reached such gigantic proportions that Washington, after defining it as the educational revolution of the century, has budgeted nine million dollars to be put into educational television over the next four years and . . . to be controlled by state audio-visual centers.

Since 1953, universities, private foundations, and the people themselves have invested around seventy million dollars each year in educational television programs. To understand what this really means, figure that in the United States a hundred-kilowatt station with a two-hundred-mile radius, seventy employees, and eight hours of live programming a day—like WGBH in Boston, say—can function perfectly on an annual budget of four hundred thousand dollars.

Where does all the money come from? In certain states, like Massachusetts or Pennsylvania, it is the students' quarters (one a year) that cover the expenses of broadcasting. In others, like Maryland, state or local funds are used to beam closed-circuit programs into the schools. In still others, the universities run the stations, sometimes with financial help from the powerful "foundations," whose generosity and lack of selfish interest could well be imitated by the more affluent groups in Venezuela. There is such widespread enthusiasm for these programs that some stations get along with only voluntary help from teachers, students, and technicians. For example, WQED in Pittsburgh has a permanent staff of seventy volunteers, twelve of them electronic engineers. During my visit there, I saw a man with an M.A. in French literature

handling a camera for a televised class in undergraduate physics.

Almost all these stations have the most up-to-date equipment, which includes certain special aids for this sort of teaching—neck microphones, movable blackboards, and so forth. The best programs are reproduced on sixteen-millimeter film . . . or on magnetic tape, so that they can be repeated as often as needed . . . or exchanged with other stations. . . .

At their own discretion, teachers can use the open-circuit programs . . . as audio-visual aids in their regular classroom work. . . . At the beginning of the school year, they receive a complete schedule that tells exactly what each program will be about and even the vocabulary that will be used. . . . Since these programs are part of the regular television schedule, the students have the extra advantage of being able to discuss a given lesson at home with a member of the family who may have watched it too.

On the closed circuit—as in Hagerstown, Maryland—the teacher prepares the students for ten minutes before the program. Then comes the half-hour lesson, with which the teacher is already familiar. This is followed by a fifteen-minute discussion or question period. Obviously, the teacher's presence in the classroom is just as important as ever. . . .

What can students get from a televised mathematics class that they cannot learn under the traditional teaching procedures? It is unnecessary to list advantages, for actual results can tell the whole story. For ten years high-school students in Hagerstown had lagged behind the national average of 5.7 in mathematics. In 1957, after a single year of television in the classroom, their average was up to 6.2; and in 1958 . . . , to 7 points, perhaps the highest in the country.

Naturally, the North Americans did not achieve these results without taking some wrong steps in the beginning. . . . Carried away by the possibilities of television, which was still fairly new, they failed to pay heed to valuable experience gained in educational radio and films. . . . A geometry course that was not planned carefully enough, for example, did not come up to expectations and got a rather chilly

reception in the classroom. On the other hand, a history course was a tremendous success. The fact was that years before, in making educational films, the limitations of audio-visual techniques had been clearly defined, as had the proper methods for translating certain abstract elements into concrete, visible, "photogenic" objects.

Some U.S. educational groups are also reconsidering the emphasis that has been put on scientific subjects, and one foundation has recently granted funds for the production of 140 color Telefilms on the humanities—which promise to make history in the field of educational television. . . .

BOYS, GIRLS, AND BOOKS

In an article in Hablemos, the Spanish-language Sunday supplement that is published in New York, Alejandro Sax answers the question "What are Argentine children reading?"

The most sensational revelation [of a recent study on the subject], at least for me, is that the most-read children's magazines in Argentina are those that recount the adventures of Donald Duck. Next on the list are the Mexican magazines that are put out under the auspices of that country's Ministry of Education. About the latter, the anonymous researcher wrote:

Barbudos de Fidel no Rio

CLAUDIUS



"Fidel's Bearded Ones in Rio," by Claudius.—Manchete, Rio

"The characters and plots are adapted to the child's mind. There is nothing cruel, nothing pornographic. Everything is plain, clean, prepared especially to develop a good cultural foundation. All this immediately brings up the question, Why isn't the same thing done here?" Twenty-five years ago . . . that question could have been asked in many Spanish American countries, but in those days it was prompted by what was being done in Argentina. . . .

The report reveals that 92 per cent of our children read magazines and books . . . for pleasure. The statistics by grades are interesting from a psychological viewpoint in that they show the development of the interest in or disdain for books and magazines. Pupils in the low-first grade read one magazine per week; in the high-first, three; in the second, twelve; in the third, two; in the fourth, one; in the fifth, four; in the sixth, two. . . . Looking at it another way: 1 per cent of the second-graders, 3 per cent of the fourth-graders, and 1 per cent of the sixth-graders read up to ten magazines a week. . . .

As for the books that Argentine children prefer, the investigation has come up with some other surprising results. The figures show a notable decline in children's and young people's expected predilection for the works of Jules Verne and Emilio Salgari. My explanation for this is that the setting for adventure and bold, dangerous escapades today . . . is no longer on earth but in outer space. Adolescents are not interested in the Asian and African jungles, the Arabian deserts, the violent rivers of America, wild-game hunts, exploration and discovery, struggles with savages or mystic cults in strange lands. . . . The favorites are now incidents (and accidents) between explorers and outlaw scientists, flying saucers and jet-propelled rockets, disintegrating weapons and atomic forces. . . .

Nevertheless, the classic books are still around, the stories by Grimm, Perrault, Spyri, Alcott, all the famous works written especially for children. American legends, biographies, and the like also rate high with Argentine boys and girls because, with the decline of the European cultural influence, they are interested in everything

that has to do with the New World. Only 20 per cent of the pupils in the first six grades do not read at least one book of some sort. [The rest] read the illustrated works of Walt Disney, books by Constancio Vigil, *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, Edmundo d'Amici's *Corazón*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and others. . . . Only 2 per cent read Verne and Salgari.

Also, . . . there are boys and, in greater numbers, girls in the upper grades who read books for adults, works by José Ingenieros and by some Greek and Latin philosophers. The girls' tastes have changed much less than the boys, but the influence of the fashion magazines their mothers read is noticeable in the conversations of school-age girls, even seven-year-olds. *Alice in Wonderland* is still the top favorite, . . . along with *Little Red Ridinghood* and *Cinderella*. . . .

My impression is that if a similar study were made in other Spanish American countries, the finding would be much the same. . . .

THIRTEEN TO NINETEEN

An unsigned article in the widely read Colombian magazine Cromos declares that the customs, dreams, and ambitions of U.S. teen-agers are infiltrating other countries, both in this Hemisphere and in Europe. In Colombia, the young people of this general age group are called by the name of a world-famous soft drink—which has been carefully inflected, as any proper Spanish noun should be (a boy is a coca-colo; a girl, a coca-cola; a mixed group, coca-colos; and so on). So far, the resemblance between U.S. teen-agers and coca-colos is rather superficial, but things may change:

. . . Coca-colos exercise a marked influence on a nation's economy in two ways: directly, by their own spending habits, and indirectly, by influencing their parents' spending habits. Using their allowances as they see fit, coca-colos put a good portion into books, records, and movies. The boys also use it for dating, buying clothes, and keeping up their bicycles, motorcycles, or cars. They pressure their parents into buying furniture, hi-fi and TV sets, cars, and so on—all of which they consider absolute neces-

sities, if they are to conform to the standards of their group. More than their elders, coca-colos revel in luxury and refuse to recognize that any purchase could be extravagant. . . . There is no more persuasive salesman than the coca-colo who is convinced that he simply cannot do without a certain article. . . .

Parental authority first began to wobble after World War I, and things got worse when John Dewey advocated that children be allowed complete freedom of expression. Sigmund Freud's theories, which relieved the child of personal responsibility for his behavior, added more fuel to the fire. In special instances, some psychologists reason that . . . immigrant parents feel that the younger generation has done a far better job than they of adapting to New World customs, and must therefore be wiser. Following this reasoning, they let their children do more or less as they please. Also, children mature much faster than they used to. Nowadays, girls are frequently married by the time they are eighteen or twenty. Moreover, many adolescents, especially in the United States, have jobs, and some even pay part of their school expenses. . . .

Because teen-agers are important consumers, industry has been gearing itself more and more to their needs. . . . As advertisers have discovered, coca-colos cannot really be lumped into one group, insofar as tastes and interests are concerned. A thirteen-year-old has very little in common with a nineteen-year-old. The Coca-Cola Company knows, for example, that an ad showing a boy and a girl together brings romance to the minds of older teen-agers, while a boy of thirteen would probably think only about having to pay for both bottles. . . .

Though many teen-agers do not own the now-traditional jeans, most of them do spend hours on the telephone, are avid television fans, and consume quantities of soft drinks. . . . Coca-colos are regular movie-goers and . . . prefer films about their own generation—about rock-and-roll, werewolves, or whatever. Gangster pictures and Westerns also rank high. Coca-colos have their own music, which is not

even considered music by most adults . . . but has nonetheless given the record industry its biggest boost in years. . . .

Whether you call them teen-agers or *coca-colos*, they are a significant consumer group that most industries and advertising media must keep tabs on. It has nothing to do with sentimentality or whimsy; it is a cold, hard economic fact.

NOTHING

The popular Brazilian magazine Mundo Melhor is now well into its second year of publication, and its success comes as no surprise, since there is something to suit almost every taste in each issue. The following bit of whimsy, by Carlos de Queiroz Telles, is a must for all writers, fledgling or otherwise:

When I entered the office, he was seated before a typewriter, apparently trying to think up a subject for an article. For some minutes I respected his concentration, but then I grew impatient at his indifference and made my presence known:

"Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon."

An even deeper silence, which he broke abruptly, saying: "Nothing."

"What do you mean, nothing?" I asked in surprise.

"Simply nothing," he retorted.

"And the typewriter, what does it mean?" I asked.

"Just the instrument of a message."

"But what message?"

"Nothing. That's the problem. I have nothing to say."

"And your childhood? What good it is to you if you abandon it? . . . Use it."

"Impossible. Between my childhood and me there lives a headstrong boy who refuses to furnish me any information on the subject."

"Your present then? What are you doing? What are you feeling? Nothing in your life today could serve as a message?"

"Nothing. I'm doing absolutely nothing."

"Then pass on the message of your social uselessness!"

"I'm not exactly useless because I don't do anything."

"How's that?"

"I don't bother anyone and no one is bothered on account of me. I don't love, I don't argue, and, what's more, I'm fairly healthy."

"Try a psychiatrist. Maybe he can solve your problems."

"What problems? I've just told you I don't have any."

"You don't even have problems?"

"Not even problems."

"And you consider yourself a man in spite of it?"

"Why not?"

"And religion? And God?"

"When the time comes to find it—"

"Won't it be too late then?"

"It's never too late for anything. I, for example, was born unlucky. I'm still living that childhood that memory refuses to supply me with. Where—"

"Where what?"

"Where it's still not late."

"Time means nothing to you?"

"I don't wear a watch."

"Why?"

"So I won't have to wind it. That would take an enormous amount of energy that I don't want to use up."

"What do you intend to do with that energy?"

"Use it when the time comes."

"What time?"

"The time of absolute nothing. That's the only way I'll be able to live it completely."

"And until then?"

"Until then I'm trying to go on thinking about the great work I'm sure to write some day."

"Then you are thinking about writing something, but what?"

"I don't know. When the time comes, I'll know."

"Poetry, short story, drama, novel?"

"Why not newspaper reporting? All forms of writing are worth while when you have something to say, and none is if you can't communicate anything."

"And style? How will you meet this problem?"

"I repeat. I'll see when the time comes."

"Don't you believe in the beauty of form?"

"I believe first in the force of intuition."

"Do you think you're predestined?"

"Who knows?"

"And isn't this pretentious?"

"My only pretention is to continue being nothing until I become something."

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"Do you mean to say that you don't exist?"

"For the time being, no."

"Maybe I'm not talking with you."

"No. You're imagining this."

"But my eyes?"

"Do you have trouble with your sight?"

"No. That's what I mean. I must be going crazy."

"It all depends on your criterion of insanity. Either you're crazy or I'm crazy."

"Why not both of us?"

"Because I'm normal, while—"

"Are you sure?"

"It always seemed that way to me."

"People always think they're normal."

"And maybe they're not?"

"The truly normal people are those who are aware of their own madness and take it into consideration at all times. For that reason, I'm normal."

"Does that mean that you're normal because you understand your own madness so well?" . . .

"Exactly."

"Only that?"

"Only that."

"Nothing more?"

"Nothing more."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing."

It was only then that I remembered that I had gone to that office to sell a typewriter (this is my job). When I came to after the conversation, I was looking in my brief case for a card with the name of the company I represent. Confused and nonplused, which did not surprise me, I saw in front of me a typewriter (the same make I was going to offer him). Terrified, I also saw that the room was as empty as the belly of a whale. I immediately recalled his first and last word: nothing.

I fled. I resigned my job and left the city. Today, I live in front of a typewriter, silent and calm, in the hope that someone may come to free me from this anguish of being nothing, absolutely nothing.



RECENT ARGENTINE LITERATURE

Reviewed by Bernardo Verbitsky

EL HOMBRE OLVIDADO, by Rodolfo Falcioni. Buenos Aires, Ediciones Hachette, 1958. 292 p.

This novel shared with Hellen Ferro's *Los Testigos*, which I discussed in my round-up last December, the literary prize awarded by the Province of Buenos Aires. The author, a writer and physician living in the city of La Plata, deals with the various aspects of the struggle between Indians and whites on the Argentine frontier, a part of our history that is usually abandoned to silence and obscurity. Generally, the presence of the Indians on our national scene and the widespread contact between their pampa "empire" and the military outposts are a theme reserved for scholars. The public knows little about it, though at least two other novelists have provided excellent treatments of it before now—Estanislao Zeballos in a nineteenth-century trilogy republished not long ago and Samuel Tarnopolsky in *Rastrillada de las Salinas Grandes* and *Alarma de Indios en la Frontera Sur*.

El Hombre Olvidado (The Forgotten Man) is written in the first person, from the point of view of one Colonel Conrado Villegas. Villegas is not the protagonist, however, but the narrator and interpreter. Certainly he performs his role well. The classic pursuit plot—an attempt to rescue a girl who has been carried off as an Indian captive—moves along at a good pace, and the various episodes that make it up are skillfully developed. Falcioni handles details well, both in the reconstruction of the geographic environment and in the presentation of the characters, and there is also that extra detail that reveals the sure hand of the novelist. The human types are extremely well portrayed, from Montoya, the protagonist, to the German Hotz, Varela, the mestizo Moreno, Ricardo Acevedo, the Chilean Navarrete, and the women as well. But there is also another character—the pampa. Familiar to the Indian, it was inhospitable and even treacherous to the soldiers defending the

frontier and to those civilians brave enough to settle on this insecure edge of the nation. I say "treacherous" not only because of its vast sweep and its sickening uniformity, through which only the experienced tracker (who is sketched full-length in the novel) could make his way, but also because it was the natural refuge of the Indian. With absolute mastery of the science and art of the wilderness, he was prepared to use all his wits and courage to defend his territory.

The first part of the novel reads well, but its human value increases as it reaches the heart of the Indian world. Here the characters come to life, perhaps because the atmosphere that surrounds them is more thoroughly painted. One realizes that what was missing before was a more profound and painstaking representation of the *fortín*, that combination of primitive fortress and barracks where the soldiers who had been recruited, not always willingly, to fight the Indians lived under severe hardship. Perhaps deliberately, but in my opinion erroneously, the author has chosen to describe it from the outside, superficially. Otherwise this good novel might have been a great one.

What I have said is not intended to deny its many merits. *El Hombre Olvidado* is a serious tribute to an epic of valor that was poorly recompensed; it enables us to appreciate the human qualities of its heroes (though one need not entirely side with them against the Indians, who had an epic dimension of their own). The denouement, which can hold no surprises for anyone acquainted with this theme of the captives, is one more example of psychological penetration in a novel that abounds with them, especially in the subtle matter of the confrontation of Indians and whites.

In sum, a novel that merits the attention of readers—and not least of Argentine readers. So often they care less about knowing the writers of their own country than about intoxicating themselves with foreign best-sellers, which are too plentifully translated in order to profit by the publicity of movies as questionable as the books that inspired them.

ENSUEÑO DE BRUJAS, by Alfredo de la Guardia. Buenos Aires, Editorial Siglo Veinte, 1958. 216 p.

Alfredo de la Guardia is one of our most gifted and authoritative drama critics, connected for over twenty-five years with *La Nación* and other publications. He is the author of *El Teatro Contemporáneo* and *Imagen del Drama*, and also of a biographical and literary study of Federico García Lorca. This time he is seeking to be judged as a novelist. He passes easily—no mean feat, for when an author, particularly a distinguished one, switches to another genre, he comes under close public and critical scrutiny.

Ensueño de Brujas (Bruges Dream) is an evocation of a city, in which landscape, history, artistic tradition, and legend flow together and harmonize. Bruges "the dead," the Belgian city thus nicknamed by Georges Rodembach, here receives a tribute that puts that famous earlier one in the shade—and I am weighing my words carefully when I say so.

Alfredo de la Guardia shows himself to be capable not merely of constructing a novel but of achieving great beauty of form. His virtuosity with language had already been displayed in his writings on Byron. His rich style, full of color and lyric power, might not be suitable for the average novel, but in this one it is completely identified with his theme and with the world he is presenting. During the reading and afterward, an echo of ancient lives can be heard, just as it must in the carillon of Beffroi, whose sonorous music is introduced into the action of the novel. For there is indeed action, which lends tension to a rather sentimental plot. The autumn loveliness of the Bruges parks, with their mists and their peace, and the stone testimony of the medieval monuments are beautifully painted—but within the confines of a story that has the same beauty as Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer's legends and that becomes increasingly dramatic by means of the interplay of well-analyzed human emotions.

Thus De la Guardia manages to establish an equilibrium between diverse elements. His novel seems to be the culmination of an enchanted night when all the famous paintings in the Bruges museums and churches come to life. Memling and Rubens, Breughel and Franz Hals, spill out their wealth of creatures and symbols, which are gathered up into the life of another age. But suddenly human tragedy—the fate of the Belgian women during the 1914 invasion—mingles past and present. Through an uncertain atmosphere in which actuality is indistinguishable from fantasy, so appropriate to the ghostly air of Bruges, appear sudden glimpses of real, lacerating life, which give these pages power as well as beauty.

SANTOS VEGA, by Fernán Silva Valdés. Buenos Aires, Editorial Losada, 1958. 192 p.

More than thirty years ago the noted Uruguayan poet Fernán Silva Valdés gave us, in his volume *Agua de Tiempo*, a true model of poetry: without being folkloric, it strongly reflected the native spirit that, actually, our country shares with his. In everything, including language, he demonstrated that what is Argentine and what

is Uruguayan are one and the same. Of late years Silva Valdés has devoted himself to the theater, writing plays that also have their roots in the people.

This volume contains three works. The first, which gives its title to the book, was performed by the Uruguayan National Theater in 1952. Combining, with a poet's imagination, elements of reality with creations of his fantasy, he creates a personal version of the famous legend that at various times has inspired Hilario Ascasubi, Rafael Obligado, and Antonio Pagés Larraya. The characters seem well drawn (I say "seem" because it is hard to be certain, merely reading a work meant to be performed), and the rustic language combines wit, lyricism, and vigor.

The second play, *Barrio Palermo* (The Palermo District), also makes convincing use of popular idiom—this time that of the city. Here the author evokes a tough section of turn-of-the-century Montevideo. Old customs and typical neighborhood characters equally common in the Buenos Aires of the time live again on the boards. It would be interesting to compare this "seriously" written work with some of the River Plate *sainetes* or skits, in which the same reality is often weakened by caricature. Silva Valdés takes a very simple story, but its very simplicity lends strength to the situations. And in the end the poet wins out over the genre writer—but a poet who handles the dialogue of the stage with the same fluency as the meter and metaphor of verse.

The author calls the third work, *Por la Gracia de Dios* (By the Grace of God), a "magic comedy." Its theme is the same as that of García Lorca's *Yerma*—and in mentioning the earlier work I do not mean to suggest comparisons but to make use of the same word (meaning "desert" or "wasteland") that Lorca took as his title, for none other will do as well. It is the tragedy of a woman who yearns for a child, and whose obsession ends by unleashing unforeseeable consequences. In this case also, Silva Valdés' climax is lyrical, but with sufficient force to transform a comedy into a "poetic mystery" and make the change credible.

UNA CIERTA DISTANCIA, by Attilio Dabini, translated from the Italian by H. A. Murena. Buenos Aires, Editorial Sudamericana, 1958. 270 p.

"Strange" is the word for Attilio Dabini's fate as a writer. Born in Italy, he came to Argentina when he was five years old and remained till the age of twenty-two. That is, he lived among us during the period when a man's personality is molded and set. But scarcely had he returned to his native land when he was transformed into an Italian writer, and almost nothing was heard of him here. In 1947 he came back to Argentina and established a reputation as a translator of Moravia, Pratolini, Vittorini, Pavese, and other Italian novelists who have been widely published since the war. Now we are beginning to know his original work. His short-story volume *Dos Muertos en un Automóvil* revealed a serious, capable writer, but it took his new collection, *Una Cierta Distancia* (A Certain Distance), to give the true measure of his talent.

Five of the stories take place in Argentina, the



remaining seven in Italy. This is no mere detail, but a significant fact. For in this country, so many of whose inhabitants are only first-generation Argentines, the double setting brings to the reader's mind the problem of European origin and heritage—a problem not felt by all but profoundly interesting to many. Of the “Argentine” stories, three may be singled out for mention: “Las Casitas [The Little Houses],” “En la Orilla Derecha [On the Right Bank],” and “El Corazón en la Boca [His Heart in His Mouth].” Here we have the early contact between the two environments—for example, the first of these stories tells of the anguish caused by the solitude of the pampa in a woman who recalls the so-different countryside of her native Italy—and the Argentine landscape evoked at a distance. The third story especially is masterly beyond description.

But the real strength of the book comes from four of the “Italian” stories: “La Luna en Orvieto [The Moon in Orvieto],” “En el Ticino,” “Llegada a Roma [Arrival in Rome],” and the title story. All achieve substance from apparently humdrum material. The last two, though actually quite independent, may be considered as a unit for the characters are the same and the plot line continuous. They are perhaps the most representative of Dabini's style. Here, as also in “La Luna en Orvieto,” the point of departure could not be simpler, but little by little the author imparts to it an extraordinary complexity. It is not a complexity of events or action, for strictly speaking there is no action; it lies in the revelation of the incredible richness of a few moments in the protagonist's life. Many people have arrived in Rome and not a few have described their arrival, but it is difficult to imagine a better interpretation of it than is offered by the story on this subject. Dabini's perceptions concerning time are not marginal philosophical reflections but a natural, integral part of the story. The same is true in the one that follows, in which the protagonist regresses to original sin by way of various episodes common in anyone's life. In this way Dabini makes a sort of topographical cross-section of a given moment, showing how each instant is a marvelous blend of ordinariness and metaphysics, of historical, psychological, and biological intersections. But these words are too weighty for such diaphanous, rhythmic, light-filled storytelling.

All these stories, so dramatic in a purely spiritual

sense, as mature in conception as in style, were written before their author was twenty-four years old. I cite this detail not so much to exclaim over the precocity of this perfection as to point out a striking fact about them: they were written thirty years ago. Not much writing survives three decades. Laboriously and modestly, by giving us other works by other men, Attilio Dabini has done much to reveal contemporary Italian literature to us; now the vitality of these stories shows us that he himself, right here among us, is one of its important exponents.

GARIBALDI EN ENTRE RÍOS, by Amaro Villanueva. Buenos Aires, Editorial Cartago, 1958. 160 p.

It is well known that Garibaldi, the unifier of Italy, traveled over the River Plate region and that it was here that the future “hero of both worlds” received his baptism of fire. But until now no one had ever retraced his steps. Amaro Villanueva, author of *El Ombú y la Civilización*, examines the subject with a historian's rigor; ignoring word-of-mouth tradition and previous writings, he relies on original sources and eyewitness testimony. Thus he succeeds in establishing the true facts about Garibaldi's activities, particularly in the Province of Entre Ríos. Although designed as a monograph, the work surpasses in every way the apparent limitations of this form. The author himself defines his effort as the fruit of “genuine localism, in which my instinctive feelings as a native son combine with a well-pondered love for my country.”

The first part takes Garibaldi from his arrival in Brazil to the River Plate. On the way he stayed for some time in the small Argentine city of Guauguay, arriving seriously injured. Guauguay is where Amaro Villanueva was born, and since his childhood he had heard stories about this most important event in the history of the town. It was no small thing that more than a century ago—in 1837 and 1838—an exceptional man, who went on to fame in Europe and throughout the world, should have lived and suffered there. Still in existence is the ridgepole of the house where Garibaldi was hung by one hand and repeatedly tortured by the local chief of police. Villanueva's is the definitive account; he includes all the circumstances of the case, both those of the immediate locality and those involving the whole country, which was then under the domination of Juan Manuel de Rosas.

Later Garibaldi moved on to Montevideo and there accepted a perilous mission; he was put in command of a three-ship flotilla and instructed to establish contact with the province of Corrientes, which had taken up arms against Rosas. For that he had to evade the vigilance of Admiral Brown's fleet, so superior to his own. Chance was on his side; he succeeded in eluding his pursuer and steamed into the Paraná River. The account of this voyage and its difficulties, culminating in the scuttling of his ships, is as dramatic as a movie, such is the skill of the narrator.

Part three deals with the capture of the city of Guauguaychú, which Garibaldi held for one day in 1845.

These are all little-known chapters in the history of Argentina, but apart from relating the episodes themselves, Villanueva establishes the significance of Garibaldi's participation and personality in the River Plate wars. Equally impressive for the meticulousness of its research and the pithiness of its literary style, the book is a fine example of art put to the service of scholarship.



ANTES DEL NOVECIENTOS, by Adolfo Bioy. Buenos Aires, privately published, 1958. 298 p.

The author calls this charming book a collection of "memories," and the familiar word describes it very well. Its author, born in 1882, is not a professional writer. He is a landholder and lawyer, a combination not unusual in the social class to which he belongs. With a convincing ring of authenticity he conjures up a world that is now far away, for though the title limits the narrative to "before 1900," most of it takes place at least ten years earlier. And since the author also tells things he heard as a child, he goes even farther back into time. For example, he mentions a huge paradise tree planted on August 6, 1838, the day his father was born. Though the father, Juan Bautista Bioy, naturally plays a large part in the son's reminiscences, he is only sketched superficially; still, through his eyes we see, among other things, some of the first stages in the establishment of the big estates in Buenos Aires Province. The broad outline is enriched by small details that range from an exact description of the buildings and groves to picturesque or humorous references to customs and journeys and even to animals, such as the horse that stole sugar.

Particularly in the matter of social structure, the author reveals much more about his world than he intended, but elsewhere he obviously makes his points deliberately. There is, for example, the suggestive moment when his father invites him and his brothers to look at the empty expanse before them because never again will they see a pampa more deserted and desolate. Again, he reports what his father said about the irreproachable behavior of the Indian chief Catriel. Catriel

camped on his ranch with a thousand warriors and fifteen hundred horses, without stealing so much as a single chicken, in contrast—commented the elder Bioy—to the "Christian" troops, who would carry away everything they did not destroy or consume.

To be sure, the book presents only one side of the coin. This is rural life as known to the great country gentlemen, with their limited perspective on ranching and, above all, on men. It is interesting to read Dr. Bioy in conjunction with a writer like Luis Gudiño Kramer, whose book of short stories *Caballos* (Horses) I reviewed some time ago in *AMÉRICAS*, for their opposite views are somehow complementary.

LA ILUMINADA, by Cecilio Benítez de Castro. Buenos Aires, Editorial Losada, 1959. 340 p.

In winning the Losada Prize (twenty-five thousand pesos and an edition of ten thousand copies, a size local books seldom attain), *La Iluminada* had the votes of all the jurors except Attilio Dabini. The author, a forty-two year-old Spaniard who has lived in Argentina for a decade, began to write at twenty. In the twelve years before he gave up literature for economics and the law, he wrote no less than twenty-six novels. This bespeaks an enviable facility, which *La Iluminada* confirms.

But it is not altogether a question of facility. Benítez de Castro has a definite concept of the novel, and he abides by it. Obviously he considers it merely a form of entertainment, and he has a right to do so. But should such a novel be brought to the attention of a large public as a representative work? That is the real point at issue. Speaking at the presentation of the awards, the well-known critic Roberto F. Giusti said that before the authors were identified the jurors—of whom he was one—thought that *La Iluminada* had been written by a Central American, or a South American from some other country. A reading of the book makes this presumption a disturbing one. It is a caricature—a skillful one, undeniably—with no more significance or reality than those operettas set in mythical Balkan kingdoms. Too many things of importance to the future of the Hemisphere happen in Nicaragua, Guatemala, Cuba, Ecuador, or Paraguay for this arbitrary manipulation of puppets, to be considered American behavior, or for this novel to be considered an expression of American literature.

The main interest of *La Iluminada* lies in its suspense. Once you begin to read the book you will want to find out what happens, but it is the kind of suspense that will not allow you to walk out on a movie you know is trivial. No serious analysis of it can be made—nor should it, because Benítez de Castro would be perfectly free to say that all he was trying to do was write a story that might become a best-seller (I doubt whether it will). Indeed, it would not be worth comment at all if it were not a prize-winner. However elastic the Losada jury's standards, they should not have been stretched to include *La Iluminada*.

BERNARDO VERBITSKY is *AMÉRICAS'* literary correspondent in Argentina. His latest novel, *Villa Miseria También Es América*, won the 1957 Kraft Prize.

KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS' RIVERS?

Answers on page 44



1 Boat-trains bring food supplies along this river that has been called "the jugular vein" of South America. Is it the Rio Grande, the Amazon, or the Paraná?

2 In 1518, Hernán Cortés and his Mexico-bound flotilla sailed into the Guarabo River near what is now known as Cuba's historical city. Can you name the city?



3 This is a view of the Amazon near the Peruvian city of ———, a well-known commercial center located some two thousand miles from the river's mouth. Fill in the blank.

4 The Chiriquí River, whose headwaters are shown here, flows into a lagoon on the north coast of Panama. Is this river noted in the country's history as the site of the first contact between Spaniards and Indians, because it was once considered a possible entrance for the Canal, or because Columbus found gold near its mouth?



5 Ecuador's main seaport is forty miles inland from the mouth of this river. Name the river.

6 The second Spanish settlement in the New World, Nueva Isabela, was founded on the banks of this Caribbean river. Is it the Orinoco, the Ozama, or the Lempa?



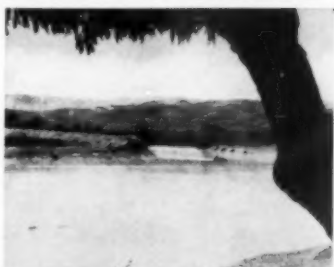
7 The harbor of Buenos Aires is on the estuary of the ———, which owes its name to the fact that the natives presented its first navigator, Sebastian Cabot, with silver trinkets and other ornaments. Fill in the blank.

8 Wide and navigable, the Artibonite is the largest river in a Caribbean country whose aboriginal name means mountainous land. Name the country.



9 This native boat navigates Colombia's second-largest river. Is it the Magdalena, the Pilcomayo, or the Cauca?

10 Stern-wheelers that recall colorful earlier days still ply this United States river discovered by Hernando de Soto. Would you say it is the Hudson, the Mississippi, or the Delaware?





MODEST URUGUAYANS

Dear Sirs:

At this late date, I refer to the article in the February issue of *AMÉRICAS*, "Montevideo Celebrates Carnival." While it is well-known that the Uruguayans are not conceited in any sense of the word, it would appear to me that by now . . . they could do so much more to publicize their country than they do. As an American who lived in Montevideo, I can only say that Luis Blanco Álvarez covered the Carnival from but one angle—the "tablados," in which he as an artist participated at one time or another. This is a small part of Carnival in Montevideo. Most arrangements are handled by a government office that is kept working all year round. . . . Nothing was mentioned about all the many facets of Carnival, including the fantastic expenses the government incurs with the lighting of the streets, parks, hotels, and so on. I was very disappointed with the article. The author, as a newspaperman, . . . should know the value of publicity and propaganda. . . . Somehow, in all things, the Uruguayan is far too modest and seems to take so many things for granted that are native—which other countries would overstate for propaganda purposes. . . . Their only propaganda seems to be: come to Uruguay and see for yourself. Then the visitor is greatly surprised, but this will never get him there in the first place. There is altogether too little written and published about Uruguay in the United States, and I would like to see many more articles about that country in your magazine. . . .

Britta Light
New York, New York

INFORMATION PLEASE

Dear Sirs:

In looking over a map of South America I noticed quite a few cities or towns having names ending in *bamba*: Cochabamba, Rio-bamba, and so forth. My Spanish-English dictionary does not show the word *bamba*. Is it Spanish or Indian? In either case, can you tell me what it means?

William P. Martley
Grass Valley, California

In Peru, Bolivia, and Ecuador, where the term is common as an ending for place names, it means valley or plain, and is of Quechua derivation. The same word exists in other areas, but with other origins and meanings.

Dear Sirs:

Can you tell me where I may obtain in

this country samples of the Paraguayan lace called "ñanduti" mentioned in the "Quiz" of the April issue. . . ?

Mrs. James W. Mack
4155 Holly Knoll Drive
Los Angeles 27, California

Sorry, we don't know; do any of our readers?

Dear Sirs:

Could you provide me with the addresses of radio and television magazines published in Spanish in the United States or Latin America?

Leonides Torrecilla Oca
Sabadell, Barcelona, Spain

The following radio and TV magazines are published in Spanish: *Onda Corta*, Publicaciones Holland, Plaza de la República 6, Mexico, D.F.; *Radio Chassis*, Editorial Hispano Americana, S.A., Alsina 731, Buenos Aires, Argentina; *Radio y Televisión Práctica*, San Juan 547, Buenos Aires; *Revista del Radio Armador*, Editorial Hobby, Venezuela 668, Buenos Aires; *Telectra*, Centro Argentino de Televisión, Avenida de Mayo 1370, Buenos Aires; *Transmisiones*, Administración de Correos 48, Mexico, D.F.

PROTEST

Dear Sirs:

"Know Your Neighbors' Drinks?" (January) has a picture of a man seated on a wooden frame treading grapes on a skin, who is described as a wine-maker in Mendoza, the national center of Argentina's wine industry. . . . As an Argentine citizen I cannot accept this, for my country has progressed beyond the time when grapes were pressed in such a crude manner. Our wine industry is modern, well-equipped, and equal to the world's best.

Miguel Angel Clemente
Buenos Aires, Argentina

Mr. Clemente is right. It was a very old picture.

ECHOES

Dear Sirs:

The article "Treasure Islands of Science," by Robert I. Bowman, in the December 1958 issue, was extremely interesting. Can anyone tell me where and how to get postage stamps depicting animals and scenery of the Galápagos Islands? . . .

Amelia Naranjo
Ayestarán 162, Apto. 2
Havana, Cuba

Dear Sirs:

As a subscriber for six years, I am highly pleased with the photographs and articles that you often publish about my country, thus contributing to the cause of understanding between the peoples of the Americas. . . .

Octaviano A. Saracho
Concepción, Tucumán
Argentina

Dear Sirs:

As a resident of Buenos Aires for many years, I enjoyed very much "Borges As I Know Him," by Ulyses Petit de Murat, in the March issue. However, it seems to me

that he made two rather serious errors. One is that "El Truco" is not an Argentine game. It is played in many parts, including Minas Gerais, Brazil, and it derives from a European card game called "truco" in Italian. The other is that cataracts of the eye can only be operated on once, and not "successively" as the author says.

Mary Teitelbach
Brooklyn, New York

True, the origin of "El Truco" is European. As for the second error, Dorland's medical dictionary lists several types of cataracts; some may be eliminated by one operation, and others may require several operations. However, the author says that both Borges and his father "were beset by recurring cataracts . . . that had to be removed from time to time," and not "successively" . . .

Dear Sirs:

Your "Mail Bag" section has given me opportunities to exchange postcards with a lot of interesting people in several Latin American countries. I want to thank you very much for a fine magazine. . . .

Carlos Méndez Bianchi
Montevideo, Uruguay

DISCIPLE OF ST. LUKE

Dear Sirs:

I am beginning to collect material for a book on St. Luke and would appreciate the cooperation of *AMÉRICAS* readers. For the moment I am trying to gather all the existing information about the great evangelist: churches, cities, other geographic points, and hospitals named after him; pictures; books about his personality; theater and literary works; photographs of old images with their respective histories; and any other information on the subject.

There are certain points I would like to clarify: Do other cities besides Quebec, Canada, have streets named after St. Luke? Besides those in Paris and in Salvador, Brazil, are there any other medical societies with that name? Are there in Brazil and other countries portraits of him in museums, as in Lima and La Paz? Why was a Colombian mountain named San Lucas? Why is a Costa Rican prison named after him? Would it be possible to obtain photographs of Mexican cities and towns with the same name?

Dr. Eurico Branco Ribeiro
Presidente do Sanatório São Lucas
Caixa Postal, 1574
São Paulo, SP, Brazil

TRADING POST

Dear Sirs:

As a new subscriber, I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed the two issues that I have received. I shall look forward with enthusiasm to receiving each issue. I cannot think of a better way . . . to get acquainted with your neighbors. I particularly enjoyed Erico Veríssimo's "From a Novelist's Notebook," in the March issue. I would like to correspond and exchange insects, both terrestrial and aquatic, with anyone who would be interested. . . .

Thelma Overton
P.O. Box 588
San Bernardino, California

Dear Sirs:

I sometimes receive your very fine magazine through a Uruguayan friend. It is very interesting and I have learned a great deal about the peoples of the Americas . . . I collect stamps, songs, magazines, postcards, first day covers, and badges, and would like to exchange them with American friends. . . .

Tan Som An
Pasaranjar 29
Pekalongan
Java, Indonesia

ANSWERS TO QUIZ on page 42

1. The Amazon. 2. Trinidad. 3. Iquitos.
4. Because Columbus found gold. 5. Guayas River. 6. The Ozama. 7. River Plate. 8. Haiti.
9. The Cauca. 10. The Mississippi.

ERRATA

In the March issue, the photograph of Felipe Pazos, Jr., with his family on page 34 was wrongly credited to Frank W. Greene, Jr. Actually, it was taken by William Sokolowsky. In the April issue, the photographs accompanying the article "Theater in the Americas" were attributed to the author, José Pichel. He informs us that he obtained them from several professional photographers and also that he has never been connected with the Buenos Aires newspaper El Mundo, as was stated in the contributor's note.

GRAPHICS CREDITS

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